

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. John Irwin
Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and
evening at the usual hour. Sunday-school fol-
lowing morning service. Prayer meeting every
Wednesday evening.

DANISH EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH—Rev. A. Henriksen, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m., and every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2 p. m.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Willits, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 6:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 2 p. m.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH—Father

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 255, F. & A. M. meets in regular communication on Thursday evening on or before the full of the moon.
B. D. CONNELL, W. M.
A. TAYLOR, Secretary.

MAIRVYN POST, No. 240, G. A. R., meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month.
W. WOODBURY, Post Com.
A. TAYLOR, Adjutant.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 162, meets on the 2d and 4th Saturdays at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

REBECCA WRIGHT, Sec.

GRAVELLING CHAPTER, R. A. M., No. 131.
Meets every third Tuesday in each month.

A. TAYLOR, Sec.

GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 137.
Meets every Tuesday evening.

C. O. MCCULLOUGH, W. G.

W. BLANCHAN, Sec.

GRAYLING ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., No. 116.
Meets alternate Friday evenings.

W. MCCULLOUGH, C. P.

S. G. TAYLOR, Secretary.

CRAWFORD TENT, K. O. T. M., No. 102.
Meets every Saturday evening.

G. S. DYER, Com.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, No. 83, meets Monday evening or before the full of the moon.
MARY I. STALEY, W. M.
ADA M. GROULOFF, Sec.
PORTAGE LODGE, K. of P. No. 141.—Meet

MARIUS HANSON, C. C.
J. HARTWICK, K. of B. and S.

COURT GRAYLING, I. O. F., No. 790.—Meets

T. NARBIN, R. S.
WAGNER CAMP, S. OF V., No. 143.—Meet
first and third Saturday of each month.
L. J. PATTERSON, Captain.
ER. BELL, 1st Sergeant.
GRAYLING HIVE, No. 54, L. O. T. M.—Meet
every first and third Wednesday of each month.

EDITH WOODFIELD, Record Keeper.
LEBANON CAMP, No. 21, W. O. W. — Meets 1st
regular session every Monday evening.
GEO. H. BONNELL, Counsel Comm.
HARRY EVANS, Clerk.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JOHN STALEY. C. O. TRENCH.

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GRAYLING, MICH.

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time deposits. Collections a specialty.

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PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
GRAYLING, MICH.
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Non-Residents' Lands Looked After
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PRIES & GERISHER, Proprietors.
GRAYLICK, MICHIGAN.
The Graylick Hotel is conveniently situated, being near the depot and business houses. It is newly built, furnished in first-class style, and heated by steam throughout. Every attention will be paid to the comfort of guests. Fine single-rooms for couples. —————

F. A. BRIGHAM,
(Successor to Frank Petoe.)
Tonsorial Artist,
GRAYLICK, MICHIGAN.
Shaving and Hair-Cutting done in the Latest Style, and to the satisfaction of all. Shop near corner Michigan Avenue and Railroad Street. Prompt attention given all customers.
Oct. 1, '91.

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Livery, Feed and Sale

STABLE,
GRAYLING, - - MICHIGAN.
First-class ill. and. truck. good accommo-
dation for family
travels on terms. Skill and satisfaction guaran-
teed.
CEDAR STREET,
One block north of Main street.

Fine JOB PRINTING

AT THIS OFFICE

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
BRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

A boy with business-like habits is likely to come to want.

Actor J. K. Emmet is to be commended for getting a divorce before getting a second wife.

A schoolboy who "bulldozed better than he knew," described St. Augustine, Florida, as "a great summer resort in the winter."

The magazine poet who referred to the "echoing shout of the woodman's ax," evidently referred to the time when the ax struck a holler tree.

No man in this country is so great that we cannot get along without him. Bill Cook is doing the work that Bill Dalton did just as well as it ever was done.

Desha Breckinridge has bought another eight-inch dirk in Cincinnati. If he proposes to "cut" any of his friends "dead," he should adopt more Chesterfieldian methods.

We hope the Lincoln, Neb., doctors who have been found guilty of grave-robbing will be punished severely. It is a doctor's business to fill cemeteries, not to empty them.

Andrew Carnegie denies he ever said that men who die rich die disgraced. It would have been a silly thing for anybody to say, for it is not true, and doubly silly for Carnegie to say, because if anybody dies rich he will.

A farmer near Kittanning, Pa., who lost a hog more than two months ago, found the animal the other day under a strawstack, where it had been all the time. It was still alive and in good condition, though somewhat hungry. They tell tough stories or have tough pigs in Pennsylvania.

In Columbus, a boy who had been mourned for six years as dead returned home and interrupted a spiritualistic seance in which his own "spirit" was holding communication with his mother. It was a mean trick, but some fellows never have any sense of the eternal fitness of things, and violate all proprieties.

A fiend in human form has stolen the ossified girl from a dime museum in McKinney, Tex., and the police in all parts of the country are notified to arrest on sight anybody with an ossified girl in his possession. The lady is a brunette, 21 years old, and may be recognized by the fact that her abductor leans her up against a lamp post when he stops to light a match or consult a time table.

Boston policemen who distinguish themselves hereafter by capturing any noted or dangerous criminal, or performing any other meritorious service, are to be the recipients of medals of honor which they may wear at all times when in uniform. A Boston policeman who achieves distinction in the performance of his duty ought to be permitted, at least, to choose between a medal and a work on philosophy.

A Peeping Tom professor recently discovered in the pale moonlight spreading over the campus at Tufts College a damsel kissed by a man. He promptly reported the fact to the President, who, on the following morning, gave the young lady students a lecture on the proprieties. This inspired investigation, and one of the servant girls employed in Metcalf Hall boldly acknowledged her sweetheart had donated the tribute of affection that created the trouble. Now the young lady students are indignant and demand an apology from the President. If some board of arbitration does not settle this affair the public may expect some philosophical theses in this quarter on "The Unkissed Kiss," a subject that has troubled the poets so long.

The struggle between China and Japan suggests that between the whale and the sword-fish, except that the fight of the two nations will not result in the dissolution of the vanquished one. The big fellow flounders about, makes a wild rush here and there, lashes the water into fury, and exerts force that would be sufficient to destroy a hundred sword-fish if it were were well directed, which it is not. Meanwhile the little fellow gets in his work, whacks a stab and there a thrust, till finally the leviathan of the deep is reduced to a mass of dead matter. It will be fortunate for China if her antagonist consents to a peace on the payment of all expenses incurred in the effort to subdue. And it will be well for Japan if her easily achieved victory does not make her overbearing in her conduct with other powers. For if it did the result might illustrate the fact that a much smaller animal than the whale can be more than a match for the sword-fish.

A young woman in Chicago has originated the novel idea of going to Europe twice a year to shop for her friends, charging a profitable commission for her services. Having been accustomed to the dainty things of life herself, she knows where to buy, and is competent to judge of them, and with her love for shopping and previous experience in buying for others, she feels confident of success. Men, she is sure, will give her plenty of orders. Of course necessity prompted her to try the experiment, and in one week of preparation she had succeeded in getting commissions enough to warrant the first trip across the ocean. Each and every order is to be filled satisfactorily. Nothing is to be too much trouble. One woman is to send her daughter to a French convent, and another one wants a "which can be found at a certain shop in London. Gloves, handkerchiefs, lingerie, dinner dresses, evening bonnets, men's underwear, overcoats, furs, and old china are on her list; and she also intends to buy odd things on her own account, trusting to a profit on her sales.

The recent earthquake in Japan serves to recall that, although the people of the country have had little chance for civic progress on account of difference of dialect and strife and dangers of seismic disturbances, they have managed to accomplish more for the advancement of their students than is generally understood. The National Library is important and valuable, and although the building is reported slightly sunk by the recent earthquake, its contents, fortunately, have not been destroyed. The ancient cathedral, one of the richest in all the Americas, bears the scars of a number of quakings during its 250 years of existence. But it is solidly constructed and can resist ordinary assaults of nature in that part of the world.

It looks as if the wretched statesmen of China, having failed to check the advance of the victorious Japanese, have fallen upon the scapegoat principle as the last resort by which they shall be able to keep their own heads on their shoulders. Li Hung Chang has always had desperate enemies among the courtiers and mandarins. He has been practically alone for thirty years in efforts to make China enter the family of civilized nations. Even in the face of court disfavor he has urged building of railways, opening of ports, treaties of friendship with other countries and the mission of foreigners on terms of equality with natives in the trades and trade of China. The imperial court, idle, worthless and inert, cherishing delusions and flourishing in superstition and robbery, have looked upon him as their foe, and at last they have seized upon a series of disasters which it was not in his power to avert as a pretext for charging him with corruption. He may have been corrupt; if he were not he probably could not have kept his head. But in view of Gordon's disclosures about his unflinching loyalty after the Taiping rebellion, it will be difficult to believe him capable or guilty of treachery.

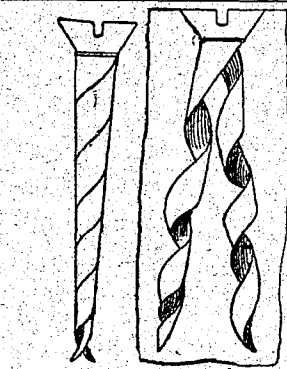
EATS CANDY AND GOES BLIND.

The Peculiar Results Which Follow a New York Child's Indulgence in Emma Zimmerman, a 4-year-old girl of Bath Beach, which is now a part of the city of Brooklyn, has one of the strangest afflictions on record, says the New York Times. The little one cannot eat anything sweet, like a piece of candy, or pie, or fruit, without becoming blind for three days. Her remarkable complaint, it is said, has so far baffled the skill of the physicians. She is now under the care of a New York specialist, but he has not been able as yet to give her any relief. While playing with some of her little companions three days ago Emma ate a piece of candy, and, as a result, a spell of blindness was brought on, from which she has not fully recovered. It was about a year ago that Emma's disease first manifested itself. She became suddenly blind, and then, after three days, as mysteriously recovered her sight. Over her eyes came a filmy white covering that gradually increased in thickness, until it produced total blindness, after which it began to grow more transparent, and finally went away.

After the girl had been afflicted with several of these spells, a specialist was engaged. He was at first utterly at a loss to account for the disappearance of sight, but by a series of experiments with food he demonstrated that sweetmeats were the exciting cause of the blindness. Since then, although great care is exercised, Emma once in a while forgets the dire results that follow the eating of forbidden dainties, and pays the penalty of her rash thoughtlessness by losing her sight for seventy-two hours.

NEW DRIVE SCREW.

One of the Never-Pull-Out Kind that Has Been Late Patented. Here is a cut of a new drive screw lately patented. Figure 1 shows the screw ready for driving, and Figure 2 shows the screw as embedded in the



THE NEW DRIVE SCREW.

wood. The shank is formed of two intertwined spiral sections pointed as shown, which spread and wedge as the screw is driven home. The screw may be made by splitting a blank by dies, and then twisting it by revolving dies.

Whence "Great Scott?" While tolerably acquainted with "Great Scott" I always regarded the expression as a proof of the lasting popularity of the gifted author of "Waverley." Although, as time wore on, I began to suspect that this tribute might not have been intended in that sense. I never realized what a deep, hidden meaning might be concealed beneath these mysterious words.

In due course, even "Great Scott!" entered the cycle of oblivion, while the more homely, if not less mysterious, "Scotland Yard" usurped his place. There was by no means any connection between these expressions, but in their simple nakedness they throw a light upon the mystery of conception.—Notes and Queries.

An Eight-Year-Old Scholar. James Mill began the instruction of his son, the future economist, in Greek at three years, and conducted it so relentlessly that before he was eight the young Stuart—who had meanwhile found time to devour Hume, Robertson and Gibbon—had already read the whole of Herodotus, Xenophon's "Anabasis," "Corymbia," and "Memorabilia of Socrates," parts of Lucian and Isocrates and six of the "Dialogues" of Plato; that is to say, vastly more than is required for admission to any and far more than is taught in most of the colleges of this country.

Plows in Old Times. In 1637 Virginia had 100 plows and Massachusetts 37.



MAYOR-ELECT STRONG, OF NEW YORK.

Col. Wm. L. Strong, elected Mayor of New York City on the non-partisan, anti-Tammany ticket, is a wealthy business man and has a high reputation for integrity and ability. Col. Strong was born in Richland County, Ohio, in 1837, and was a resident of Ohio until 1853. Then he removed to New York, and re-entered the dry goods business, in which he has been very successful. He is also President of the Central National Bank, a director in the Erie Railroad Company, in the New York Life Insurance Company, in the Mercantile Trust Company, in the Hanover Insurance Company, and other corporations. He is a man of decided views and great force of character.

SAVED GRANT'S LIFE.

End of the Heroic Career of Lizzie Bryan—Dying in a Poorhouse. There lies, dying in the poorhouse, Lizzie Bryan, a woman of remarkable history, who acted as a nurse spy and who saved the life of General Ulysses S. Grant, says the New York Recorder. Years ago when her father died, she inherited a small fortune of \$18,000, but in her eighteenth year, her fortune had dwindled to only \$5,500. With this she came to New York, to friends, and just before the war bought two of



MRS. LIZZIE BRYAN.

the famous horses of Dan Rice's circus. These horses were named Starface and Rudolph.

Then the war broke out and she enlisted as a nurse to go to the front, and when she did so Starface accompanied her. She did not remain long at the hospital as a nurse, because more daring work was suggested to her, and she freely placed herself under orders in the fighting contingent, and from that hour was a freebooter. She donned male attire, wore boots and spurs, acted as orderly and carried dispatches until the close of the war. She was three times wounded, but with no serious result. She wore a false sole in her boot, and in it were carried the dispatches.

Many times she carried these dispatches during an action, riding across or around the lines amid the flying shots. She was attached to General Grant's headquarters, and is enthusiastic in speaking of him even to-day, as the kindest and best of generals, often telling how she amused him by her dancing in the camp. The most remarkable sight for her was one when she was crossing the grounds and heard behind a clump of trees voices—recognizing one as that of General Grant. Closer she crept and managed to get nearer him. There was an angry debate going on, and just as she neared the general the man with him made a peculiar movement with his hand, and as he did so she sprang forward and struck a revolver out of his hand. The man made all sorts of denials, but six months afterwards General Grant personally presented her with a gold watch, telling her he believed she had really saved his life that night. The greatest personal loss she suffered during the war was the shooting of her beautiful horse Starface from under her at Antietam. Once she was captured and spent a few days at Libby prison.

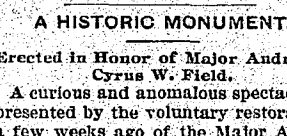
A HISTORIC MONUMENT.

Erected in Honor of Major Andre by Cyrus W. Field. A curious and interesting spectacle is presented by the voluntary restoration a few weeks ago of the Major Andre monument, erected in Tappan, N. Y., by the late Cyrus W. Field. At Tarrytown, only a short distance away, directly across the Hudson, stands the shaft that perpetuates the memory of Andre's captors—John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart. Almost in sight of each other are these memorial tablets. One to the spy, who planned with the traitor, Benedict Arnold, what might have proven a disastrous blow to American liberty. The other commemorates his capture and the brave, patriotic fellows who so luckily accomplished it.

The monument to Major Andre in Tappan was placed there by Cyrus W. Field. Mr. Field's motive has frequently been questioned, but there does not appear to be any ground for believing that the great American was moved by other than a sentimental impulse.

Two weeks after the monument was placed on the hill there was an explosion in the night time heard by a few, and when the sun rose next day, Major Andre's monument, although not entirely destroyed, lay clipped and overthrown on the ground. Then Mr. Field discovered that the spirit of '76 was still abroad in the land, but he was not daunted in his pet project. He restored the stone to its former position and a wicked looking fence with iron spikes surrounded it. But the patriotic blood of the "Tappan Zee" did not falter. The monument again fell. It lay where it had been pitched nearly nine long years until recently. Mr. Field has himself passed away in the meanwhile. While

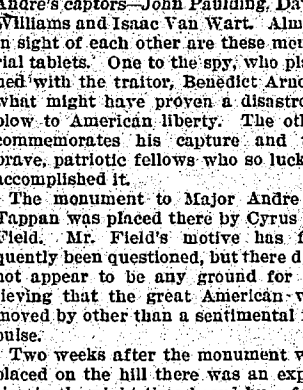
lived he never found out who dismantled the monument, or if he did, he never disclosed the names of those engaged in the affair. He was much incensed at the time, and threatened prosecution against the perpetrators of what he called "the outrage."



THE ANDRE MONUMENT.

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WINTER FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.



WINTER FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

"MY OWN THINGS."

This is an Age of Individual Environment.

"Say, mamma, John's got my spoon. Can't I have it? It's mine."

"Oh, just look! Susan's playing tea-party with my dessert plate. Make her stop. She'll break it."

I wish you'd find my pepper box. This isn't mine," proclaims the head of the house. It's mighty queer these servants can't ever remember my things."

In the library Uncle Jim is twisting and turning and looking daggers at the unconscious caller who is sitting in his special chair. One member of the household is on the wrong side of the table, and the right paper-knife is on the left magazine. He always sits on the other side for reading. From the drawing-room the voice of the elder daughter is heard, saying, "Oh, no; I couldn't endure these portieres. The colors do not suit my style, you know."

I made a fuss, and mamma took them in her room. I feel color in every nerve."

Such is what the fashion for having individual things has brought upon the household. We have individual furnishings, the schemes of hanging to bring out the individual beauty of my lady's eyes, the tint of her hair, or the gleam of her shoulders, and on the other hand—perish the thought!—to sink the individual in the useful! Have we not the special chair for the footrest, candlestick and cushion?

Small wonder, then, that the practical, prosaic housewife exclaims: "I wish we could go back to those early Christian days when they had all things in common. I believe I could bear it even with towels!"—New York Times.

She Wedded Them All.

Hengrave Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, which has been sold for over ninety thousand pounds, at one time belonged to Penelope, a daughter of Earl Rivers. Of this fair aristocrat an amusing story is told. She had three suitors at the same time, Sir George Trencard, Sir John Gage and Sir William Hervey, and to keep peace between the rivals she threatened the first aggressor with her perpetual displeasure, telling them that if they would wait she would have them all in turn—a promise which she actually performed. The gentleman first favored was Sir George Trencard. He died shortly afterward, and it was not long before she became Lady Gage. Sir John, by whom she had nine children, died in the year 1633, and two years later his widow was led to the altar by Sir William Hervey. The lady survived all her husbands.

Smoke 'Em Through Tubes. The late Sir Morrell Mackenzie told his cigarette-smoking patients that they should smoke their cigarettes through a tube, when he promised that "the smoker will get all the good effects of the soothing plant without the bane which lurks in it." The cigarette tube, in fact, acts as a condenser of the nicotine alkaloid. It has been found, however, that a small plug of wool inserted in the mouth end of a cigarette has the same effect, while a piece of natural straw around the mouth-piece keeps the cigarette so cool that, while the woolen anti-nicotine plug effectively guards the throat, chest, lungs and general health, the lips are also protected from poison, swelling, inflammation, blistering, burning, smarting, irritation and other injuries medically traced to cigarette smoking.

Legacy Tax in Massachusetts.

From Treasurer Phillips' accounts the legacy tax of Massachusetts will probably be an important item in the whole State tax. Since the Supreme Court decided that the act passed in 1891, imposing a tax on collateral legacies and succession, was constitutional, the receipts from this taxation have been surprisingly large. During 1892 the commonwealth received about \$12,000 from the tax. In 1893 there was about \$30,000 received. Up to date, during 1894, the commonwealth has received from the legacy tax \$127,723.84. During the last session of the Legislature a bill was prepared to reach direct inheritance as well. This bill will be presented at the next session of the general court.—Boston Transcript.

Dentists Like Damp Weather.

"I can always tell," said a dentist, "when a storm is coming without consulting either a barometer or the weather forecasts. My patients are the best barometers in the world. The teeth are peculiarly affected by damp weather, particularly bad teeth. When strangers begin to complain of toothache and pains in the jaw I know that we are going to have a spell of bad weather. A good bit of it is neuralgia, but it is a sure sign. This rush of business keeps up until the stormy weather sets in, and when business falls off I know the storm is abating and that we will have fine weather. When toothache patients are few and far between you can rest assured that a season of pleasant weather is at hand."—New York Tribune.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthwhile of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Lesson for December 23. Golden text—"Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end."—Isa. 9: 7.

"The Prince of Peace," the title of this lesson, is an appropriate theme for Christmas study. Surely thoughts of fraternity and kindness must become the day which memorializes a Savior's advent. "On earth peace," was the angel note. It has been a long time finding its way into the heart of humanity, and it has not yet gained full ascendancy; but verily it must yet prevail. "Peace and good will are the right attendants of the Christ, the angel that sometime will come to stay. The war now in progress on the Old Sea is properly a concomitant of a heathen, not of a Christian civilization. The Lord hasten the day when wars shall cease and nations dwell in brotherhood."

The lesson is found in Isaiah 9: 2-7. It is to be noted that the lesson begins with the second, instead of the first verse, of the chapter. This is in strict accord with the Hebrew order which closes the preceding chapter with this verse—rhetorically, in our common reading, the better arrangement. And yet the verse has been rendered strangely opaque in our King James version, and "dimness of vision" and "exaltation of the Gentiles" certainly it is. The translation itself needs "light." The more correct rendering of the Revision brings it out of darkness, and makes it fully introductory to this beautifully radiant chapter; thus, "But there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish. In the former time he brought contempt to the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali, but in the latter time hath he made it glorious by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles." The two verses, brought into context and made glorious as opposites in the Hebrew, one meaning light weight or despised, the other meaning heavy weight or glorified. The occasion of the confusion in rendering may be here traced. The Douay translation is still nearer to the original: "At the first time the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali was lightly touched; and at the last time of the sea beyond the Jordan of the Galilee of the Gentiles was heavily loaded." We have gone thus at length into this variation both because of the interest of passage in itself and because of its larger bearing upon the thought of the lesson, which it properly introduces.

We are brought straightaway to the heart of the lesson: "A great light." On the one side, thick darkness; on the other side, bright light; and the very blackness of the enshrouding darkness throws the light into great brilliancy. "How far that little candle throws its beams; so shines a good deed in a naughty world." So gleamed Isaiah's torch in the midst of the heathen wickedness brought in by the Assyrian. So shined the lamp of promise right out of the midst of a black night. The eighth chapter is midnight darkness. With the ninth chapter comes the streaking of the dawn. Then follows a description of the new day visible to the prophet's inspired eye. The revision is probably right in dropping the reading of the Hebrew margin, "N. B." The two words in the Hebrew have a similar form and precisely the same sound—lo, signifying not or to him—hence a mistake of the copyist might easily be made. Revision: "Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their (to him) joy." This brings the whole passage into consistency and unity. The reference of verse five is probably to the day of universal peace, which we are led to believe is coming. The revision rightly renders it that battle armaments are "for burning, for fuel of fire." The Douay luminously says, "shall be burnt and he fuel for the fire." In other words, as Cowley interprets, "war itself shall die." Let it die!

This lesson closes with one of the most characteristic passages of all the second Record, the sixth and seventh verses. The words might well be kept in memory just as they stand, and they need little explanation. The progress of Christianity itself, the coming of the kingdom is the best explanation. It is worth observing, however, in passing that the marvelous babe of verse three in the chapter preceding, the son of strange name and strange and portentous is met and matched by this more "wonderful," although glorious child, the "son" named darkness, and this "Son" means light and life forevermore.

This lesson comes out, with cheering suddenness, as does the sun from behind a cloud. The previous chapter has been speaking of God's judgments and of the terrible darkness of man's deserts. A gloomy subject indeed. The sudden break in this chapter of hope and joy. Darkness is at once turned to light, gloom to gladness. So teach. Let the light stream in. When we think of our sins and our deserving, it is as when (8: 22) "They shall look unto the earth; and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish; and they shall be driven to darkness." Then we turn away and look to God, his goodness and mercy, and lo, "the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." "Where sin abounds, grace did not much more abound."

"Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come, Into thy freedom, gladness and light, Jesus, I come to thee."

Glorify the light by walking in it. "The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light." Now let them walk in the light. Their walk and conversation shall then, reflects the light. John Breton has a picture entitled, "The Song of the Lark." It is just the bright, upturned face of a peasant girl. Have you heard the angel song? Have you seen the light? Show it in your face, your life.

Next Lesson—Review.

This and That.

DIAMONDS so small that 1,500 go to the carat have been cut in Holland.

LOVE is the only thing that can lighten burdens by adding to them.

WHENEVER you speak evil of another you are sure to hurt yourself.

THE greatest altitude in Maine is Katahdin Mountain, which is 5,200 feet high.

THE fact that a man wants more knowledge is proof that he has some already.

FARMERS of the United States lose \$100,000,000 annually by the ravages of insects.

If one wants to get in a crooked path, first follow the directions of a cock's screw.

SOUTH AMERICAN ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles long.

If a man could jump as far in proportion to his size as a flea, he could leap 70 miles.

A PIKE weighing 14 pounds was recently caught in the reservoir at Marcelino, Mo.

FEMALE spiders are larger and more ferocious than males, and generally devour their husbands.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Echoes of Foot-Ball.

Now that the football season is over the barbers ought to have a rich harvest.—Kansas City Times.

It is greatly to be feared that Congress will prove a poor substitute for football as a topic of conversation.—Omaha Bee.

It may not be necessary to suppress football, but certainly the brutal features which now characterize it should be suppressed.—New York World.

The opinions of football experts show that football can easily be made a game of skill instead of a competition in brutality. The rules must be so changed as to bring this about or football as a college sport is doomed.—New York World.

Walter Camp, who is called the father of American football, has no hair what over on the top of his head. Considering the football style of hair it is difficult to see how Mr. Camp worked his way up in the business.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The future existence of American intercollegiate football is at stake. Unless umpires devoid of cowardice and able to see each play as it is made can be found football is lost to the degenarates into pugilism and pug-ugliness, a brutal display of rough-and-tumble fighting such as may sometimes be seen in the Bowery dives of New York; and respectable colleges and universities will be forced by public opinion to prohibit the sport.—Boston Advertiser.

Armenian Massacres.

Those Armenian horrors, if true, show that the unspeakable Turk is still unspeakable.—Baltimore American.

Such a story coming from the heart of Africa would hardly be credible, but the incidents occurred on the immediate frontier, at least, of civilization.—Indianapolis News.

Every statesman interested in maintaining the peace of Europe has probably felt that the match had been touched at last, to the powder magazine. The massacres reported near Bitlis, in eastern Turkey, force the Armenian question to the front.—Philadelphia Press.

The details of wholesale slaughter and violence, which it is claimed have resulted in the total destruction of twenty or thirty villages, are sickening beyond the power of expression and indicate a reign of violent bigotry that would not be tolerated anywhere within the realms of civilization.—Philadelphia Times.

Maybe Nicholas will be more pliable than Alexander and will consent to a united protest to which England shall be a party. Should this be done the Sultan would probably bestir himself to "we these Armenians the peace which we have right, for fear of the pressure from these powers.—Springfield Republican.

New York's Bank Robbery.

The defaulting bookkeeper of the Shoe and Leather Bank didn't drink, smoke or chew. He was simply a thief without trimmings.—Washington Post.

The question which the defalcation at the Shoe and Leather Bank has suggested to everybody is, Why the fraud was not made sooner.—New York Post.

If the Shoe and Leather Bank of New York City had taken some lessons from the Syracuse banks, it would not now be mourning the loss of more than a third of a million dollars.—Syracuse Post.

If you own a national bank, you had better take it home and tie it up in your back yard over a barrel, or the servant, assistant bookkeeper or fourteen vice messenger may get it away from you.—New York World.

The latest bank defalcation is of sufficient proportions to direct the attention of bank officials to their bookkeepers, as well as to their cashiers and tellers. * * * The lesson here taught is a useful one, but it is rather expensive.—Boston Herald.

Li Hung Chang's Wealth. It appears, at least by report, that Li Hung Chang is a man of some versatility. He's crazy, a traitor and 500 times a millionaire.—Boston Journal.

Li Hung Chang is reputed worth \$500,000,000. Any reasonable Chinese tailor should have no fears in taking his order for nothing over a thousand figure robe.—Washington Times.

The Tacoma man who says Li Hung Chang has stolen \$500,000,000, and adds that he is a traitor and is crazy, seems to be under the impression that Li is running for alderman.—Boston Herald.

It is said that Li Hung Chang is worth \$500,000,000. One has an opportunity of acquiring wealth as viceroy of China which is possessed by no other individual outside the New York police force.—Boston Globe.

And now they tell us that Li Hung Chang is worth \$500,000,000. We can, therefore, readily believe the accompanying statement that he is the chief of a sort of celestial Tammany hall, but the further allegation that he is of unsound mind hardly consists with reason or common sense.—Boston Transcript.

The New Czar's Manifesto. If the young man wills these early promises nihilism and bomb-making will become lost arts in the nation and "Darkness Russia" will be known as "Brightest Russia."—Kansas City Star.

The official declarations and personal utterances of the new Czar have all indicated a purpose to substitute toleration for oppression, viceroyalty for ferocious cruelty.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It means that the rancor and bitterness of years long pent up in the heart are partially atoned for and an opening made for an era of good will and kindness between Czar Nicholas and the Russians.—Ohio State Journal.

He is in the unfortunate position of a man with unlimited power for mischief and very limited power for good. But his manifesto is an encouraging indication that he means to make the best use he can of these limited powers.—New York Times.

Unless the manifesto of the Russian Czar is only a preface for reforms to come it is a disappointment. The concessions to the peasantry and mitigations of penalties inflicted upon political offenders are of little consequence. They do not go to the root of the wrongs which afflict the people of Russia.—New York Press.

Monetary Reform. All the signboards indicate that the money question will be the great issue in 1896.—Memphis Commercial.

History repeats itself. Are we to have over again the old arguments about United States banks?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The issuance of more bonds proves the utter inability of the present financial system when put to severe tests.—Nashville American.

The first and most important step toward the reform of our currency is to take all banking business away from the Government; the rest is merely a matter of arranging details.—Providence Journal.

Rev. R. B. Corey, who was assaulted by Joe Ryan at Gregory, Mo., is dead. Ryan, who created a disturbance in church, and was arrested by the minister, was killed Corey as he came out of the church, beating him over the head with an iron rod.



Merry Xmas To All

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Good-by, Old Year!
While others sing
The New Year in and loudly sing
Of what delight and peace 'twill bring.
Ere the tolling of the bell
To the world's soundest thy death-knell
I bid thee sound a farewell.
Good-by, Old Year!

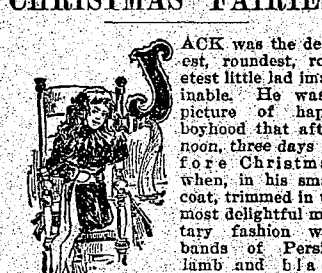
Good-by, Old Year!
While others raise
To thy successor hymns or praise,
I'll thank thee for the by-gone days,
May a blessing last thou bring.
May a sacred truth be taught:
Fruitful changes have been wrought
By thee, Old Year!

Good-by, Old Year!
Should I alone
Remember thee when thou art gone,
I'll thank thee for the good thou'st done.
The world forgets the absent friend;
To each new-comer doth it bend,
And casts it off when near the end,
Like thee, Old Year!

Good-by, Old Year!
Dost thou forget
How men with joy thy advent met?
That praise the New Year hath; but yet,
When once again its reign is o'er,
The world it may be, as before,
Will leave me to my own remorse.
Good-by, Old Year!

—Harper's Young People.

CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.



ACK was the dearest, roundest, rosiest little lad imaginable. He was a happy boyhood that afternoon, three days before Christmas, when, in his smart coat, trimmed in the most delightful military fashion with bands of Persian lamb and black frogs, and his jaunty cap set on fair hair, and his fat waist into the park with his sled for a romp. He ran and shouted and pranced until his eyes glowed like stars and his cheeks shone like apples, and everybody hands protected by fur-trimmed gloves he who saw him said: "What a handsome boy!"

Jack, of course, was looking forward to Christmas just as every boy and girl who reads this is looking forward to that day of all days. He expected to have all sorts of fine things in his stockings, and with very good reason, for Santa Claus had never neglected him. Jack's father was rich. Grandfather, who was richer, was coming to spend the holidays, and Santa Claus had been telephoned on the subject of skates, drums, swords, guns, and sweetmeats, and there was every prospect that when he called at Jack's home his sleigh would be very full indeed.

Jack was like all boys who have no brothers and sisters, a trifle selfish. But he was a mainly kind-hearted little chap for all that, and so, when he was through with his play and was dragging his sled homeward and came upon a scene on a street-corner which aroused his sympathy, he paused to find out what it meant. A crowd of rough boys were tormenting a poorly clad little girl, whose wan, haggard face spoke too plainly of misery and poverty. She was frightened and almost crying as Jack came up.

"Here, now!" said Jack, with sturdy determination, "you stop that or I'll call a policeman."

Fortunately, at that moment, a blue-coated officer came in sight, and the hoodlums fled with one wild departing yell.

"Thank you," said the little girl, timidly, "those boys allus are picking on me."

"What's your name?" asked Jack.

"Susie Greene," said the girl.

"Well, Susie," said Jack, with an air of business, "you look cold and sick."

"I ain't very strong."

"And hungry," continued Jack.

Susie burst into tears.

That was enough for Jack.

"Get right on my sled," said he, determinedly, "and I'll take you down to my house, and you'll have something to eat."

Susie obeyed, and the officer saw with grim pleasure the young heir to Mr. Newton's millions dragging off the little waif to his home, a block away.

"He do be a fine chap, he do be," remarked Policeman Mulvaney.

Jack took Susie into the kitchen, and gave orders she should be fed forthwith. Then he hurried up to his mother's room. She was there with his grandmother, and a few words told them about the little girl he had rescued.

"She's poor and hungry, and she's got no decent clothes. Mamma, can't you fix her up?"

His mother looked at him a moment, then asked, quietly, "Jack, would you rather have this little girl made comfortable or have a big Christmas yourself?"

Jack hesitated. He thought of all those presents he was expecting; then he thought of Susie's thin dress and bursting shoes.

"You can take the money you were going to spend on my Christmas and fix her up," he bravely said. Then his grandmother, a stately old lady, in black satin and white lace cap, called him to her and kissed him, with tears in her eyes.

Jack sat bolt upright in bed, and rubbed his eyes very hard. No, he was not asleep. There was the open fire, there

his clothes on the chair, there the door into his mother's room.

It was Christmas Eve. Jack had not hung up his stocking, for he did not expect any presents. Susie had been warmly clothed and her wretched home had been brightened by the visit of Jack and his mother. The boy was satisfied. He had made his choice, and expected to abide by it.

But, marvelous to relate, as he looked toward the fire he saw a crowd of tiny people hurrying and fussing about on the fur rug before the fire. Three or four had a miniature ladder which they were putting up against the side of the fireplace. Several others had hold of one of Jack's long stockings. When the ladder was in place, a little man, with elfish eyes and spider-like legs, climbed the ladder, dragging Jack's stocking after him, and

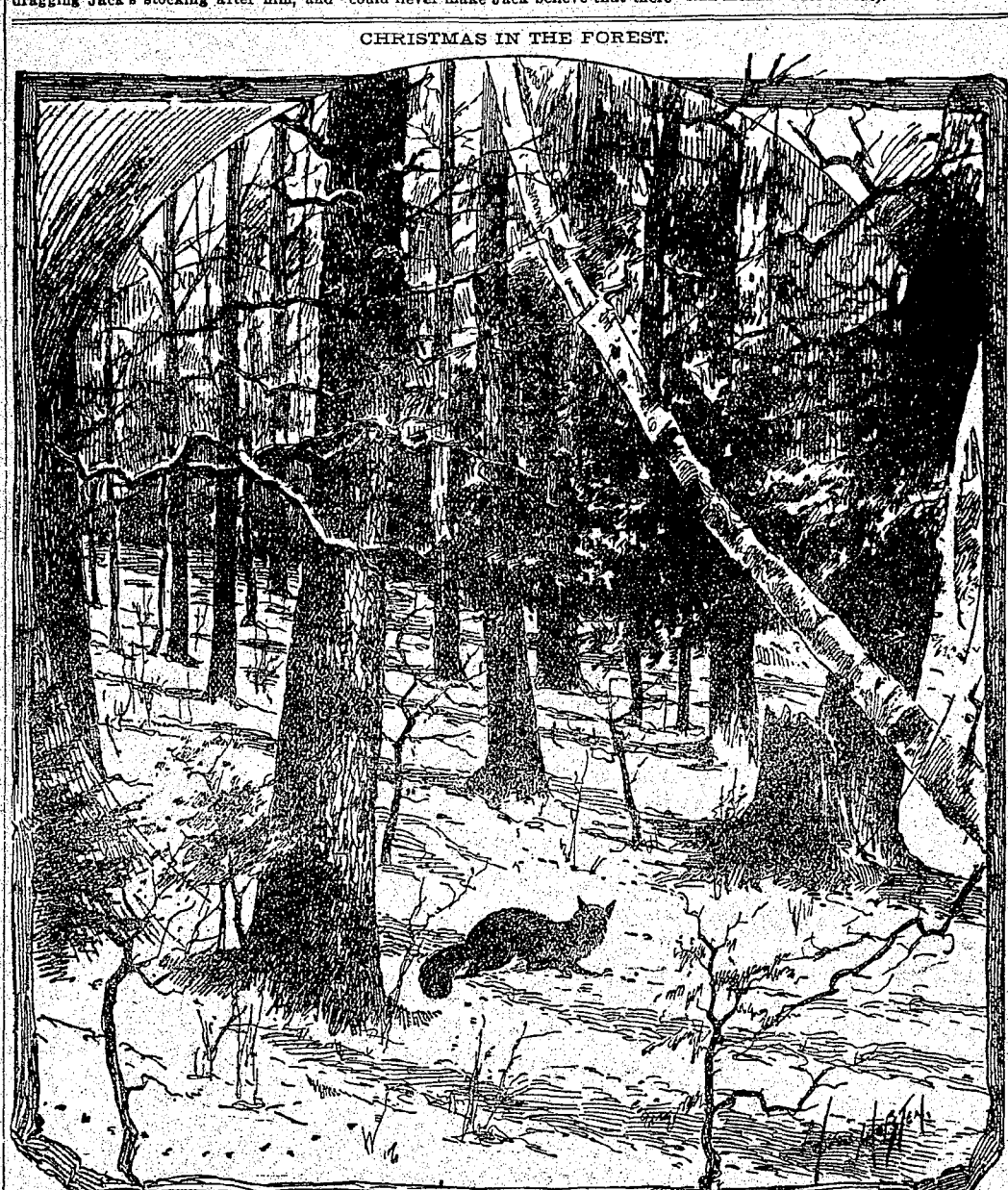
himself. Jack knew him directly from his pictures. He examined the stocking attentively.

"So they've been here ahead of me!" he observed. "That's a great idea! I never was left before. Well, no matter! There are a few things they've forgotten. Here are the skates, the games, the box of caramels, the books," and as he talked he piled the packages up on a table near the fireplace.

Jack's eyes were so heavy he couldn't hold them open. He shut them for an instant, and when he opened them again it was Christmas morning.

He sprang from his bed and rushed to the fireplace. Yes, there hung his stocking full and running over, and the table near by was loaded with gifts.

And, if you were to argue forever, you could never make Jack believe that these



It is Christmas in the forest, where softly falling snow seems to touch with benediction the waiting earth.

The loveliest slingers of the wind upon the barren trees.

Play Nature's Alleluia in a multitude of keys.

And bird and beast they wake alike to join a common note.

And swell the reverent carol which wells up from Nature's throat.

There is worship in the woods, though the path be yet untrod.

When all the world goes joying at the Christmas of the God.

—Eve H. Brodrique.

hung it on a hook, and then coming down put his hands on his hips and surveyed his work with great satisfaction.

"That's what I call a good job," he said. "Now, hurry up, you folk, and get your presents in there before St. Nicholas gets along."

Then fairly after fairy climbed the ladder, and put in his presents. There was a fat brownie, who brought a basket of nuts from the woods.

"I have worked all day," he said, "looking under hedges and dead leaves to gather these nuts for the boy who was kind to Susie."

A quaint little fairy in a curious foreign gown and cap approached. "I have come clear from the borders of the Black Forest in Germany," she said, "to bring this music-box for the boy who was not ashamed to look after a poor little girl."

There was quite a stir as a remarkable fairy approached. He was copper-tinted and had a feather stuck in his black hair, and he bore on his shoulder a beautiful bow and arrow.

"From the lands of the setting sun I have come," said he. "I am a Puck-wodie, an Indian fairy, but I wanted to bring an offering to the young paleface who has a good heart."

A merry little man in green climbed the ladder, hauling up a beautiful toy sword which he had brought from England for Jack. Then there followed one of the "good people" of Ireland with a drum which he had brought from the Emerald Isle. "Shure it's hurrin' I must be after doin'," he cried, "to be back before day-break."

is no Santa Claus or such things as fairies.

"I know better," he says, with a decided shake of his curly head, "I know better, for I've seen them."

A New Year's Eve Adventure.

Ten years ago, writes a correspondent, I went with my friend, Ned Provost, into the mountains of Northeastern Pennsylvania to hunt. It was December 30, and the region being wild, we found that we must spend our New Year's day in the woods. At a deserted lumber camp we came to a dog-sled trail that was half full of meadow hay, and here we determined to spend the night. It took us but a short time to get the place into a comfortable condition, and we were soon sitting around the fire that we had built, enjoying our pipes and talking, while the three dogs lay on the floor beside us. It was about 10 o'clock when we heard a noise outside. It was a low howl, and instinctively we knew that we were about to receive a visit from timber wolves, than which, when many of them are together, there is no more dangerous foe.

Jumping up and glancing out of the one window in the shanty, we could see away in the distance for it was a clear moonlight night—an immense pack of animals approaching. The dogs, too, heard the sound, and before we could prevent it two of them escaped, but the other one we caught just as he was about to crawl outside.

In a very minutes the wolves had reached the shanty, and the dogs which had gone out to fight them were dead almost before we knew it. Taking my gun, I stationed myself at the window and awaited developments. During the day we had killed a fox, and its body now lay outside of the shanty on the ground. Soon one big fellow made a dash for the body of reynard and got a load of buck-shot that finished him at once. Another tried it and had his back broken by a rifle bullet. The rest left for the timber, thirty yards away, and howled dismay.

The now resolved to stand guard by turns, as we could not believe that the vicious brutes would storm the shanty; so I lay down after building up the fire. How long I slept I cannot say, but was awakened by the howling of the dog and Provost crying out:

"Look out! There's a wolf in the shanty!"

Sure enough, our dog had caught him crawling through the hole and was fighting bravely. We could not shoot; the dog was getting the worst of it, and more. In the scuffle a bunch of hay was kicked off the shanty and the place was ablaze. Fortunately Provost got hold of the hand-axe, and, just in time to save our dog, split the wolf's head open, but from a snap from the brute he had the little finger of his left hand taken off. I had succeeded in putting out the fire and could look around. The dog was moan-

head and a jingling of bells, and a voice down the chimney cried, "Whoa!" very loudly.

At this every fairy vanished abruptly. But the stocking was left hanging there, and presently, with a scramble and rush, down the chimney came the good Saint

JACK RUBBED HIS EYES.

ing with a big wound in the throat, Provost swearing, and I was amazed at the size of the wolf. He was quite as large as a Newfoundland dog, with teeth three inches long. It was evident that we were fairly besieged, and from the window could see at least a dozen brutes that were excited by the smell of the blood. I killed two and Provost one, while we must have wounded five more. It was a long, weary night. The wolves never left the shanty, but hung around it or slunk into the woods near by. Just before daylight a rush was made from the outside, and I killed the leader with his head and front legs inside the cabin. When day broke, with one long howl they left.

A BEAR'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The Dude Was Not Warned by Words of Man or Growls of Beast.

It was Christmas Eve in Moscow, and every one was busily preparing for the great festival of the next day, when a tall man, so muffled in a thick sheepskin frock that he might almost have been mistaken for a woolpack, came tramping over the crisp snow past the red, many-turreted wall of the Kremlin, leading after him by a chain a huge brown bear, which plodded gravely at his heels without taking any notice of the admiring stares and pointing fingers of the countless groups that eddied carelessly to and fro through the "Krasnaya Ploshchad" (Red Plain).

"Hello, brother," cried a stout, red-faced, blue-frocked irashchik (blackman), who was driving slowly past in search of a fare. "Where are you going with Meesha?" (i. e., Michael, the Russian nickname for a bear).

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Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig;
And the bo's'n's tight and the midshipmit,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

He's not only the crew, but the ship as well, the mainstay and the mainstay, the foremast and the mainmast, the keel and the keelson, the deck and the hull, the mizzen-masted-to-gallant-star-board-stun-sail-boom-tricing line all in one.

His garboard strakes are scarped vertically. His planking is soundest Democratic timber. His hooks and knees are natural crooks. His caits are tenacious and deadwood. He's all sound and true as a rivet, shipshape and Bristol fashion. He rates A1 first-class, and if he doesn't register as such as the majority, when he goes cruising through the legislative waters of Lansing, every Republican craft in the capital will dip its flag or wet three whiskies.—New York Sun.

Bloody Battle at Vassar.

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Frankfort Is Hot.

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And the crew of the captain's gig.

He's not only the crew, but the ship as well, the mainstay and the mainstay, the foremast and the mainmast, the keel and the keelson, the deck and the hull, the mizzen-masted-to-gallant-star-board-stun-sail-boom-tricing line all in one.

His garboard strakes are scarped vertically. His planking is soundest Democratic timber. His hooks and knees are natural crooks. His caits are tenacious and deadwood. He's all sound and true as a rivet, shipshape and Bristol fashion. He rates A1 first-class, and if he doesn't register as such as the majority, when he goes cruising through the legislative waters of Lansing, every Republican craft in the capital will dip its flag or wet three whiskies.—New York Sun.

Bloody Battle at Vassar.

Details of a battle between officers and tramps at the Michigan Central Depot near Vassar late Saturday night show that four men were shot, one of them fatally. The list of wounded is: Marshal Art McIntyre, fatally; Deputy Marshal M. Chrysler, seriously; two tramps, names unknown, both seriously.

The fight arose from the refusal of the gang of seven hoboes to vacate the small Michigan Central waiting-room where they had disposed themselves for a night's sleep. The Marshal and his deputies were summoned by the railroad officials, but even then the tramps refused to move.

When the officers drew their revolvers the tramps became belligerent, and both sides fired, ineffectively. Marshal McIntyre was struck in the head at the first fire and fatally wounded. Chrysler and the two tramps were hit immediately afterward. Trampmen then came to the aid of the officers, and all but the two wounded tramps fled. Two of them were captured later and locked up.

Frankfort Is Hot.

Early this fall an old barge was towed into the Frankfort harbor, provided with a twelve-foot cabin, anchored out in the bay and opened up in grand style as a floating palace. The proprietor, who has a Government license, dispenses all kinds of drinks. A small ferry boat runs from the shore to the ark. The citizens of Frankfort are indignant over the matter, and the Marshal has tried to get the barge away, but he cannot arrest the proprietor for selling liquors, as the Government license is good on open waters. There is talk of violence. A similar ark at Holland was mysteriously burned last winter.

Struck Off.

James McBride, who lives on a farm short distance southwest of Birmingham, in the local militia, is a hard-boiled, well-bred, and the men engaged in the work struck a rock at a depth of thirty feet, which had to be broken with dynamite. Immediately after the discharge oil began to flow from the well, and for a few minutes the milkman's spirits were very high, as visions of untold wealth floated before him. The oil stopped as suddenly as it began, when he remarked facetiously, "Oil isn't as good for my business as water anyway; go on with the boring."

Record of the Week.

The Back-Everett ordinance, which is to give Detroit rapid transit for a 3-cent fare, was passed by the Council and signed by the Mayor.

Marshall citizens talk of an association for the prevention of cruelty to children, alleging that little ones are sadly overworked in the public schools.

The old Hillsdale Rowing Club's house at Bay View Lake was destroyed by fire. At the same time was burned the shell with which the club won the senior and junior championships of the United States.

"Whoa! There's a sign of good luck," remarked P. Smith, of Clinton, as he sprang out of his carriage and picked up a horseshoe. Before he could get in again his horse ran away, and P. Smith walked several miles in town.

Charlie Miller, aged 50 years, hanged himself to a tree at Lapeer. He was a deacon.

Cynthia Meyers, a young married woman, recovered \$3,250 damages, against the city of Detroit. She broke a small bone in one of her ankles last December by stepping into a hole in a defective sidewalk.

As Muskegon Zeeb Bailey, superintendent of the tug service of the Muskegon Booming Company, worried over a lawsuit in which he had involved his employees, attempted suicide by cutting his throat. He may live.

John Kuppenheimer, of Muskegon, is an embezzler of \$2,600 from the city. He was in the water department.

Phil Gallagher is in jail at Grand Rapids on a charge of counterfeiting. The prisoner made every effort to escape and is regarded as a desperate man. He has been held to the Grand Jury on bail of \$1,500, which has not been furnished.

Times have been lively at Kalamazoo College, as a result of the disturbance at the sophomore gathering by seniors and freshmen. They attempted to smoke out an asophomore party of ladies and gentlemen, but failed and the sophs had no difficulty in removing the barricades placed to keep them imprisoned over night.

All the small-pox patients at Clawson are recovering.

Lapeer is going to make the office of marshal elective instead of appointive.

Bay City is threatened with diphtheria again. Five new cases were reported one day.

G. W. Sharp, one of the leading grocery men at Stanton, has sold out to Thomas Barle.

Citizens of Grayling are forming a stock company for the purpose of building an opera house.

Mrs. Hattie Ansley, aged 46, an asylum patient at Kalamazoo, hanged herself with her stocking placed over the bed post.

Citizens of Berrien Springs have formed a company with \$50,000 capital to dam the St. Joseph River to secure water power.

Thomas Carroll, a native of Ireland, and for many years watchman for the Michigan Central at Kalamazoo, died, aged 53 years.

The parents of Martha Beliska, of Detroit, said to have small-pox, drove away the health officers with a shotgun and boiling water.

Jacob Haller, who for years was one of the most prominent jewelers in the State, died at Ann Arbor. The deceased was 72 years of age.

The monthly crop report of the Department of Agriculture shows that the average yield of potatoes in Michigan is 62, against 75 last year.

A young child of Mr. and Mrs. John Fanning, of Pulaski, was kicked by a horse and before medical assistance arrived the little one died.

Kalamazoo celery growers are now of the opinion that considerable damage was done by the cold snap of about a month ago to the growing celery.

The dry goods house of W. M. Bennett & Co., the oldest month-long establishment in Jackson, discontinued business and closed its doors for all time.

The coroner's jury in the case of Fred Summers, who was found dead near Carleton, Shiawassee County, found he was killed by his horses running away.

Michigan liquor dealers want the Legislature to increase the tax on drug stores from \$300 to \$500, and Grand Rapids druggists will oppose the movement.

Robert Webster, an aged farmer living near South Haven, set fire to his barn and shot the crew of Eugene Kusevsky, a neighbor who liberated the animals in it.

The trial at Oshtemo of Mrs. Ursula Burpee, charged with boiling the feet of her foster son so that amputation became necessary, ended in a disagreement of the jury.

The congregation and members of the First Presbyterian Church of Bay City have in the past four years subscribed and contributed \$74,000 to the church funds.

A Fenton boy while skating on Silver Lake, skated through the ice, in about twenty feet of water, a bicycle. He fished it out, and if an owner doesn't turn up, will be a wheel away.

Andrew Denike's 14-year-old daughter, of Boone, while walking up an aisle at school, slipped and fell. Her head struck on the corner of a seat, inflicting a wound which proved fatal in a few hours.

Judge Lane, of Adrian, has announced that he is not a candidate for the nomination for justice of the Supreme Court, believing that with Judge Kline in the field the district ought not to divide its interests.

The Michigan Board of Health has received a communication from the South Carolina health department asking for information in regard to the method employed in the State of dealing with tuberculosis.

The furniture men of Grand Rapids will make capital out of the recent revelations of extravagance at Ionia prison. They will try to convince the Legislature that the State cannot make furniture at a profit, because skilled artisans are required, and all convicts are crude workmen. They destroy more than enough to balance the cheapness of labor.

Maj. N. S. Boynton has let off a bomb in the camp of his enemies in Grand Rapids in the retaining of Claude R. Buchanan, a young lawyer and Maccabee of the valley city, as his counsel. Buchanan is a member of Valley City Tent and knows all the plans of the Boughton faction up to date. He says the major has instructed him to begin injunctive proceedings at once against Valley City Tent and other members of the order, restraining them from sending out any more circulars against him.

Charles A. Jones, of Tawas City, has been paid \$1,000 by the Detroit, Bay City and Alpena Railroad for his little girl's foolishness last spring. She lived near a railroad crossing, and with other children near the spot was in the habit of standing on the track before approaching trains, until the engine was almost upon her, and then jumping to the side and laughing at the engineer. She did it once too often, however, and her foot caught in the track and held her fast. The train was too close to be stopped, and ran over her foot, cutting it off. The father brought suit against the company for damages and secured a verdict and the company has settled for \$1,000.

The body of Mrs. F. Frankenstein, clad in snow-white linen and placed in a rude box, was buried at Detroit according to the Jewish rites in vogue 2,000 years before Jesus restored Lazarus from the tomb. Mrs. Frankenstein died Saturday, aged 108 years. She was the oldest woman in Detroit and had a remarkable history. Born in Poland in 1785, she was a child when her country became a part of Russia, and remembered the fall of Kosciuszko. She also told vivid stories of the march of Napoleon through Poland on the retreat from Moscow, and had the distinction of cooking the Bonaparte a breakfast in her little home. She emigrated from Poland when 90 years old, coming directly to Detroit to the home of her son Peter, who is now 87 years old. She has two other children living, both daughters; one is 65 and the other 60. Fifteen grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren survive her.

A Homer lady the other day opened a can of peaches which had been put up thirteen years ago. The fruit was in as good condition as if it had been in retirement but a few months instead of the long time it really had.

William Erratt, treasurer of Cheboygan County, is said to be several thousand dollars in arrears in his accounts. His brother, Henry Erratt, who is deputy treasurer and also treasurer-elect, has been unable to secure bondsmen. William Erratt, who is a hardware merchant, has made an assignment of his business to one of his bondsmen.

John Green, an eccentric character who has lived in Berlin Township, Ionia County, for many years, is dead. He was a bachelor, and lived alone in a small hut, which was bare of even the necessities of life, although he owned a farm of 180 acres and had a barn full of hay and grain.

Charles F. Gabriel, a prominent business man of Oshtemo, has dropped with the

LOCAL ITEMS.

Go to Claggett's, for Honey.

Go to the sale and get a lovely doll.

R. Hanson went to Detroit last week, on business.

S. B. Smith, of Blaine, was in town last Thursday.

Evaporated Sweet Corn, at Claggett's.

J. A. Breaker of Center Plains, was in town last Friday.

For California fruit, all kinds, go to Wight's restaurant.

50 Doz. Canned Corn going at 8 cts., at Claggett's.

W. O. Braden took a flying trip to Detroit last week, on business.

Fresh Candies for the Holidays, at Claggett's.

Henry Funk, of South Branch, was in town last Wednesday.

J. P. Hildreth, of Center Plains, was in town last Saturday.

California Dried Fruits, finest in the City, at Claggett's.

I. Rosenthal, in Lewiston, on business, one day last week.

Supervisor Richardson, of South Branch, was in town last Friday.

100 Dozen Eclipse Tomatoes, beat in the market for 10 cents, at Claggett's.

Geo. L. Alexander, Esq., was in West Branch, one day last week.

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges, go to U. Wight's restaurant.

Elmer Knight was visiting with friends in West Branch, last week.

BORN.—On Tuesday, December 18th 1894, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pond, a daughter, weight 8 pounds.

Mrs. Kneeland, of Milwaukee, is visiting with her son, D. M. of Lewiston.

The Ladies of the Catholic Church realized about \$25 from their Supper.

Blank Notes, Receipts, Camp Orders and Highway receipts, for sale at this office.

Lee Trumley, and his brother-in-law, of Vanderbilt, are lumbering this winter.

75 Doz. Sugar Loaf Beans. Cant be beat. To be sold for ten cents, at Claggett's.

Frank Michelson returned from a short term at Detroit Business College, last Thursday.

It is not denied that S. H. & Co. are selling the best 29 cent Coffee in town.

A select dancing party will be given at the Grayling House, Christmas evening.

Julius Kramer will make you a suit for \$17.00, pair of pants for \$3.50, for the next thirty days, only.

A man by the name of Pat, is preparing to move from Vanderbilt to Pere Cheney.

Dolls—Toys—Games & Picture Books for good little Boys and good little Girls, at Fournier's Drug Store.

A. H. Annis and wife have returned from a visit with their daughter at Battle Creek. He brought back a fine horse.

Before purchasing a suit, overcoat or pair of pants, go to the old established reliable merchant, Julius Kramer.

Selling, Hanson & Co. have the best 29 cent coffee, in town. You should try it.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, Bread and Confectionery, go to C. W. Wight's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

Geo. W. Jones, postmaster at Otsego Lake, shot himself to death, either accidentally, or on purpose. He was short in his accounts.

The Michigan Central R.R. Co. will sell Holiday Excursion Tickets to points in Canada, at one fare for the Round Trip. Dates of sale December 19th, 20th and 21st, limited for return passage not later than January 9th, 1895.

Wm. Woodburn, County treasurer elect, has resigned his place in Claggett's warehouse, which is now filled by Charles Eickhoff.

Read S. H. & Co.'s advertisement in this paper. It is to your interest.

The business houses will be closed on Christmas and would-be purchasers will therefore take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Memorial Services will be held in the M. E. Church, on Sunday evening, Dec. 30th, in memory of the members of Marvin Post, G. A. R., who have died during the year 1894. Rev. Taylor will deliver the sermon. Every member is expected to attend.

To-morrow will close one of the most successful terms of school ever held in Grayling, for the Holiday vacation. Each department approaches perfection, which accounts for the fact that there is practically no complaint against our high school tax.

Remember the Supper at Mrs. R. Babbitts, to-morrow evening.

Aunt Jewima's Pancake Flour is all the go. Try it, at Claggett's.

P. H. Osborne, of Frederic, was in town last Monday, on legal business.

P. Aebli, of Blaine, offers a good Miloh Cow for sale, cheap.

100 Dozen Prairie Rose Corn. New Stock. Only a dime, at Claggett's.

Mrs. L. U. Cole has two pleasant rooms to rent, next to Town Hall.

Prof. Benkleman has taken out a patent on a window Catch. Millions in it.

Santa Clau's Headquarters are at Fournier's Drug Store.

Rev. J. Irwin occupied the pulpit of the M. E. church, last Sunday, both morning and evening.

50 Doz. Sea Lion Salmon, a great bargain at only a dime, at Claggett's.

D. Trotter returned from a business trip to Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit, last Saturday evening.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Most Perfect Made.

Regular meeting of Marvin Relief Corps, next Saturday afternoon, the 22nd, at the usual hour.

Have you seen Kramer's new goods? If not, please call and look them over before purchasing.

Claggett has a job lot of \$3 Ladies Shoes that he will sell for \$2. Go and see them.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Fournier commenced moving into their new residence, last Monday.

A coroner's jury decided that Postmaster Jones, of Otsego Lake, shot himself accidentally.

Comrade Burton, of Center Plains, was in town last Saturday. He is recovering from his severe illness, very slowly.

The Alpena and Northern railroad will be extended to Atlanta in the early spring. A flour mill and hardwood factory will be erected.

Can goods at a bargain. Read the advertisement of S. H. & Co.

Our subscribers can get the Semi-Weekly Detroit Journal for 50 cents by paying up their subscription.

Geo. W. Walton is on a business trip to Virginia, this week, looking after his lands in that section.

If you are looking for the best selection of Stoves, call on Albert Kraus. Every stove is warranted.

Mrs. R. P. Forbes has been visiting in Maple Forest for the past week, and "Park" walking the streets disconsolate.

The box for which Mrs. Wakely sold tickets will be drawn, in the Court room, to-morrow evening. Ticket-holders should all be present.

The largest line of Xmas & New Year presents ever brought to Grayling, at Fournier's Drug Store.

Regular meeting of Marvin Post No. 240, Grand Army of the Republic, next Saturday evening, the 22nd, at the usual hour.

You should try a can of 10 cent corn, at the store of S. H. & Co.

State, county, township and school taxes are now payable. If you wish to save the extra collection fee, pay your taxes previous to Jan. 10th, 95.

Peters' boarding cars are located near A. J. Love's, below School Section Lake, and the log trains have begun work on that side of the river.

For your Christmas dinners go to the Restaurant of C. W. Wight where you will find a nice selection of Fresh Candies, Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Bulk Oysters, etc.

All increase of population in Crawford county, since 1884, is 664, according to the report of the Secretary of State. The increase in Otsego was 382, Montmorency 643, Oscoda 532 and in Roscommon the decrease was 547. Crawford county has done better than any of her sister counties.

A fire near Hillsdale, last Saturday, burned the barn of Hon. A. A. Smith, of Beaver Creek, with its contents consisting of six horses, three head of cattle, crops of the season and a large amount of farm machinery. This is a severe loss to Mr. Smith, and is the second time his barn has been burned since coming to Crawford county.

The AVAANCHE received this week from the Overman Wheel Co. of Chicago Falls, Mass., the "Victor Pad Calendar for 1895." Its bright matter, apt quotations and the memorandum space on each leaf make it a handy desk reference. The Overman company will send it to any address upon receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay mailing expenses. It is worth the money.

Rev. J. M. Warren, of West Branch held religious services at the Presbyterian Church last week, which were attended with considerable interest. He is a fine speaker and his sermons exhibit full preparation and earnest work. We are informed that there is a movement on foot to organize a Congregational Church, with the idea of calling Mr. Warren, as pastor. If the Presbyterian Society is to remain without a pastor we think the idea a commendable one, and would be glad to welcome him as a citizen of Grayling.

Those \$3 shoes for \$2 are a great bargain. Don't fail to get a pair at Claggett's.

Up to date the demand for snow shoes has been very light, but the \$2 shoes of S. S. Claggett are going like hot cakes on a frosty morning.

At this season of the year advertisements become news matter. In every household there are those who are looking for holiday bargains.

A Royal Oak farmer, living on the northern edge of the township, offers to trade his flock of sheep for the same number of hens and roosters.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church, will serve supper at Grandview Babbitts, from 5 to 7 o'clock, Friday eve, Dec. 21st. All are cordially invited.

Lost on Tuesday, in Grayling, a twenty dollar bill and a one dollar bill. They were rolled together. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving them at this office.

There were four deaths in Marvin Post, so far during the present year, J. D. Culver, N. Shellenberger, E. L. Barker and J. S. Crego. The number increases each year and there are but few old soldiers in the county who are not members.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Aid Society will meet on Friday of each week at the Church Parlor for work.

The second Friday of each month a Supper will be served from 5 to 7 for 15 cents. All are cordially invited.

The Michigan Central R. R. Co. will sell Holiday Excursion Tickets to all points on its lines in Michigan, and to points on connecting lines within the state at rate of one and one-third lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Dates of sale Dec. 24th, 25th and 31st, 1894, and Jan. 1st, 1895, limited to return up to and including Jan. 2nd, 1895.

About six months ago Dentist Metcalf extracted some teeth for Mrs. F. Smith, who was accompanied by Mrs. Koski. Before leaving they stole two pair of his forceps. Last Monday, having every reason to believe that they were the guilty parties, Mr. Metcalf took out a search warrant and had Sheriff Manes serve it. He found the forceps in a trunk in Mrs. Koski's house.—Otsego Co. News.

TO THE CITIZENS OF GRAYLING.—On behalf of myself and family, I wish to express our appreciation of your kindness to my wife, and your sympathy with us. You made her long months of suffering more comfortable, and even happy. We can not estimate its value, nor in any intelligent measure, express the gratitude we sincerely feel. The Lord Jesus said: "Whoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My name, because ye belong to Christ, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." May God bless and prosper you, and fulfill His promise in the abundance of His love and power.

SIBLEY G. TAYLOR.

Center Plains Jottings.

EDITOR AVAANCHE—I see by reading your paper that you have no correspondent in our township and village and have concluded to send you a few items of local news.

F. P. Richardson is lumbering his Pine in South Branch township. C. Strietmutter has the job of cutting it by the thousand.

Frank Barber is cutting the last of his Pine this winter.

A. J. Stillwell is lumbering for himself and A. A. Griffin, of Roscommon.

It looks lonesome on the Wisner farm. Come back, A. H.!

James Burton, who has been sick and confined to his bed, is able to be out again, but looks bad yet.

Jonas Metcalf and C. Sholtz are cutting wood on the Lake hills.

C. W. West and Jimmie Burton are cutting their winter wood.

C. D. Vincent is helping F. E. Love build a pair of sleighs.

Caspar Strietmutter has got him a well, at last, and says he is ready to return the water he got of his neighbors and will not refuse them water at any time. That's right, Caspar, help your worst enemy. Never lay up anything against your neighbors.

J. Breaker has as fine a lot of sheep as any one wishes to look at. John knows how to take care of them too. Theo. Odell and wife expect to cook in camp, for F. P. Richardson, this winter.

There is considerable complaint in regard to dogs running deer in the swamp on the county line. It looks as if some one would get complained of, if it did not stop, mighty quick.

HAWKEYE.

Awarded High at Honors World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Harry W. Evans has sold out his drug stock to A. J. Davis, of Vassar, who comes to us with fine recommendations as a business man, and registered pharmacist, having had ten years experience in some of the best drug stores in Bay City and Saginaw. He is a welcome addition to our village.

R. A. M.

At a regular convention, held on Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected:—

Comp. J. F. Hum, H. P.

" R. D. Conpine, K.

" J. K. Merz, S.

" John Leece, Treas.

" A. Taylor, Sec.

" A. Cady, O. of H.

" W. F. Benkleman, P. S.

" Melvin Bates, R. A. C.

" R. P. Forbes, 2d Vell.

" D. McCormick, 2d Vell.

" F. Nurren, 1st Vell.

" Wm. Woodburn, Sentinel.

Boston has gone Republican. One of the best candidates the Democratic party ever nominated for mayor has been beaten.—N. Y. World.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling, for the week ending Dec. 15, '94.

Campbell, Miss K. Barnes, Miss E. Johanson, Oscar Stevenson, Mark Stevens, Miss B. Wilson, J. O.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "Advertised."

W. O. BRADEN, P. M.

Resolutions of Condolence

Of Marvin Relief Corps, No. 102, Grayling, Michigan:

WHEREAS it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of all to take from our number a kind and loving sister, Mrs. Sophronia L. Taylor. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we shall miss her in our circle, and her death makes the second in it that has been called to join that Relief Corps of rest and peace above, that is promised to all who abide in Him, and that we shall ever hold in loving memory, one whose hand was always ready to aid us in our work.

Resolved, That the members of this order extend their deepest sympathy to her grief stricken husband and children.

Resolved, That the charter of this Corps be draped for thirty days; a copy of these resolutions be put on the records of our Corps; a copy furnished the family of the deceased, and to the local papers for publication.

REBECCA WIGHT, MARGARET CHALKER, COM. ALICE CULVER.

Frederic Items.

Lumbermen are pretty much discouraged for the want of snow.

The social dance at the Hall last Friday Eve. was well attended and a good time enjoyed by all. The managers expect to have another Feb. 22d.

J. Cross, of Grayling, is now in charge of the Blacksmith Shop.

Barber Fred Cowen expects to leave next Monday for Ludington, Mich., where he has secured a position.

There will be an Entertainment at the Hall Saturday Eve. We understand a fine programme has been arranged and a full house is desired.

Public Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of Beaver Creek township, that I will be at home on Friday of each week to receive taxes.

H. G. HENEDICT.

To the Public.

I wish to announce that I am prepared to issue Steamship and Railroad tickets to all parts of the Foreign Countries at reduced rates. I will also issue Drafts payable in Great Britain & Ireland and all principal Continental Cities.

L. T. WRIGHT, Ock. 25th at S. H. & Co's. office.

The President is lame in one foot—but his party has neither a sound leg nor a level head. Its mouth seems to be the only organ that is sound and in fine working order.—Inter Ocean.

Special Notice.

No medicine was ever given such a severe test of its curative qualities as Otto's Cure. We are distributing sample bottles free of charge to those afflicted with consumption, asthma, coughs, colds, pneumonia, croup, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, giving you the proof that Otto's Cure will cure you. Don't delay, but get a bottle of us to-day and commence the use of this great guaranteed remedy. Sold only by L. Fournier, sole agent. Samples free. Large bottles 50c. & 25c.

The main difference between the former Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Carlisle is that he paid off bonds, while Carlisle clamors for more in \$50,000,000 lots.

A Bright Light Ahead.

For all those who have been wearing out their lives from the effects of dyspepsia, liver complaint, indigestion, etc. We guarantee Bacon's Celery King of the Nerves to cure you, and if you will call at our store, we will gladly give you a package free of charge of this infallible health restorer. Bacon's Celery King of the Nerves cures constipation, nervousness, sleeplessness and all diseases arising from derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Samples free. Large size 50c. and 25c., at L. Fournier's, sole agent. 3

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Show good wisdom and buy useful presents as Holiday Gifts. Do not throw your money away on nick-nacks that are of but little use. Buy something that will be both useful and beneficial; an article that will bring comfort and happiness to the one who receives it. Your presents will be better appreciated, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that the money you spent for Holiday Gifts was invested in a good and useful way. Look over our list of useful things and see if you cannot make a good selection. These goods are all new. No old chestnuts brought out, cleaned up and presented as new. We carry no chestnuts. Ours are all new goods and late styles. You are safe in trading with us.

Pat. Jan. 31, 1893.

WE HAVE A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF:

Silk Mufflers,	Cassimere Mufflers,	Silk Handkerchiefs,
Initial Handkerchiefs,	Embroidery Handkerchiefs,	Silk Mittens,
Motto Handkerchiefs,	Kid Mittens,	Silk Mittens,
Cassimere Mittens,	Kid Gloves,	Silk Gloves,
Fascinators,	Ice Wool Squares,	So., &c.
Over Gaiters,	Leggings, Footies,	Baby Caps,
Flush Caps,	Yachting Caps,	Doylies,
	Fancy Towels,	Suspenders, Collars,
	Gnifs,	Hosiery, Neckwear,
	Fancy Slippers,	Table sets, in linen,
Boys' Blouses,	Boys' Reefers Suits,	Cheneille Curtains,
Parasols,	Lace Curtains,	Table Covers,
		Ladies' and Children's Suits.

Pat. July 6 & Oct. 4, 1892.

IKE ROSENTHAL.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS HOUSE.

UNDERTAKING! UNDERTAKING!

Foreclosure of Mortgage.

WHEREAS on the 24th day of June A. D. 1888, George M. Sprout, of the County of Crawford, State of Michigan, for the purpose of securing to himself the payment of the sum of Six Hundred Dollars (\$600.00) with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum, payable annually in advance, executed, acknowledged and delivered to the said Lemuel C. Townsend, her certain mortgage dated June 24th, 1888, covering to him a certain tract of land situated in Crawford County, State of Michigan, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit: The West one-half of the South-east quarter of section Twenty-two, Township Twenty-five, North of Range Two West, containing Eighty acres more or less according to government survey, which mortgage was recorded in the Office of Register of Deeds for said Crawford County, State of Michigan, on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1888, in Liber "C" of mortgages, on page 441 thereof; and that on the 7th day of October, A. D. 1894, said Lemuel C. Townsend by an instrument in writing assigned said mortgage, together with the note described in said mortgage, to George M. Sprout, of Benzie County, Michigan, which assignment was recorded in the Office of Register of Deeds for said Crawford County, and State of Michigan, on the 30th day of December, A. D. 1894, in Liber "D" of mortgages, on page 441 thereof; and whereas said mortgage has made default in the payment of the interest on said principal sum of said mortgage, and has defaulted for more than thirty days; and whereas the said George M. Sprout has paid the sum of Seven Dollars and Thirty-three cents (\$7.33) taxes upon said premises; and because said default has been made in the payment of the principal and interest on said mortgage, and because the said George M. Sprout has declared the whole amount, principal, sum and all the interest thereon, to be now due and payable; and that said mortgage contained a provision for the payment of twenty-five Dollars (\$25.00) as Attorney fee for the foreclosure of said mortgage, and there is now due upon said mortgage the sum of Six Hundred and thirty-four Dollars and Thirty-three cents (\$634.33) being the principal and interest, and the taxes aforesaid.

Therefore notice is hereby given that the said assignee, George M. Sprout, will foreclose said mortgage by a sale of the land described in said mortgage or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage together with six per cent interest thereon, legal fees and the amount of said Attorney fee of Twenty-five Dollars (\$25.00). The sale of said premises will take place on the 30th day of December, A. D. 1894, between the hours of nine o'clock A. M. and sundown of said day at the front door of the Court House, that being the place where the Circuit Court for said County is held, in the village of Grayling, in said Crawford County, and State of Michigan.

Dated September 28th, 1894.

GEORGE M. SPROUT, Assignee.

WILSON & BAILEY, Attorneys for Assignee, Oct. 4, 1894.

AT BRADEN & FORBES' FURNITURE ROOMS!

WILL be found at all times a full line of CLOTH and WOOD CASES and BURIAL CASES, Ladies', Gents' and Children's ROBES. A good HEARSE will be sent to any part of the country FREE. Especial attention given to embalming or preserving corpse.

There's No Choice in Bicycles.

The Victor Pneumatic tire has no rival. It is more durable than any other and the inner tube can be removed in case of puncture in less than five minutes.

The only inner tube removable through the rim.

All Victor improvements are abreast with the times and meet every requirement.

Victors are BEST.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON. PHILADELPHIA. DETROIT.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. DENVER.
SAN FRANCISCO.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

(NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.)

The following is the time of the departure of trains from Grayling via Mackinaw Division of M. C. R. R.:

GOING NORTH.

4:00 P. M. Mackinaw Express. Daily except Sunday; arrives at Mackinaw 7:05 P. M.

8:15 A. M. Marquette Express. Daily; arrives at Mackinaw 6:55 A. M.

1:30 P. M. Way Freight, arrives Mackinaw 8:00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

12:30 A. M. Detroit Express, arrives at Bay City 4:05 P. M. Detroit 8:35 P. M.

1:15 P. M. New York Express. Daily; arrives Bay City 4:40 P. M. Detroit 9:00 P. M.

2:40 P. M. Grayling Accommodation, arrives at Bay City 7:00 P. M.

O. W. RUGGLES, GEN. PASS. AGENT.

A. W. CAMPBELL, Local Ticket Agt., Grayling.

THE DAVIS

THE HIGHEST PRIZE

GIVEN BY THE

World's Columbian Exposition

HAS BEEN AWARDED TO THE

Davis Sewing Machine Co.

For its High Grade Family Sewing Machines.

Address: DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO. DAYTON, OHIO. CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE

SCHILD'S LAW

FOR HOME STUDY

243 BROADWAY, N. Y.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE FREE

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia and New York. Our terms are lower, though, and our satisfaction assured.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Boys and Misses are the Best in the World. See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute. Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

J. M. JONES.

YOU CAN CURE THAT COUGH WITH

ELLIOT'S TAR

AND

WILD CHERRY

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION

Elliot's Daylight Liver Pills

Constipation, Dyspepsia, all Bilious and Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

For Sale by H. W. EVANS.

MONEY

We furnish money for all legitimate business purposes. We have a large amount of money on hand, and will loan it to you on any security. We have a large amount of money on hand, and will loan it to you on any security. We have a large amount of money on hand, and will loan it to you on any security.

DEVLIN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

RAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

There are many just as good, but none better. Our terms are lower, though, and our satisfaction assured.

W. W. AYER & SON, our satisfaction assured.

ADVERTISERS: If you wish to secure an advertising space in this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

money issues of late years, it belug three and a half inches in length, by two and a half inches in width. The words "Twenty Dollars" are printed in the upper right hand corner, and it also bears this inscription upon its face: "The bearer is entitled to receive twenty Spanish dollars, or an equal sum in gold or silver, according to a resolution of Congress of the 14th January, 1770." Below this reading are the signatures of James Wilson and J. Gardner. On the back of the old bill is an engraving of a leaf, around the edge of which are the words: "Printed by Hall & Sellers. 1770." The bill is so manufactured that it is hard to distinguish from the face of it, even with the aid of a magnifying glass.

Intense Headaches

"For four years I have been a constant sufferer. My head ached from morning till night. After trying everything I could think of, the only thing that gave me any relief was to keep my head bound with a cloth to keep the air from striking it. The nasal passages were inflamed and my throat very sore and gave me intense pain, expelling much corrupt matter. I was told that the weight of my hair was the cause of my trouble, and I had it cut off, but this gave me no relief. Reading about a lady similarly afflicted who was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, I began to take it. Before I had taken one bottle I felt greatly improved, and at the end of three bottles was entirely well. I now weigh 140 pounds, which is a gain of ten pounds in the last three months." Mrs. MARY A. WATSON, Franklin, Indiana. Get only HOOD'S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"Hood's Pills do not weaken, but build digestion and tone the stomach. Try them, 25c."

Why His Mother-in-Law Came.

A new boy arrived at my house last Saturday. He seems to understand his business and uses the same kind of noise as other children of his age. He arrived by the light of a kerosene lamp, but I hope this will not be used against him if he ever runs for superintendent of schools, which, however, I understand he doesn't intend to do. It seems to be the general hope of my friends that he will make a better man than his father. This thought, or wish, has also occurred to me—in the dark. I am glad now that my mother-in-law is here, although it hadn't occurred to me before why she came. She seems to be perfectly at home with my babies, and has already turned several suggestions of mine to the wall. There were some clothes made for a girl baby down to my house, but, as no business appeared under that head, the buttons were sewed on boy-fashion, and they will have to do.—Grafton (N. D.) Record.

ENGLAND'S prejudices do not interfere with enormous purchases of our apples and the well-beloved Yankee cyster.

My Sick Sisters.

"Let me tell you something. For years I have been almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms:—

"Shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, faintness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid."

MRS. HARRIET WAMPLER. "I tried many doctors in different parts of the U. S., but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors."

"I feel it my duty to tell you these facts that you also may be cured. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham."—Mrs. Harriet Wampler, 507 Kasota Block, Minneapolis, Minn. Mrs. Pinkham's Compound is our unfailing remedy.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both under humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM.

Orms and cures the Neural Paralysis, Allergic Pain and Inflammation, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Swellings, Itch, and all other skin diseases. This Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A package is carried in each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at all druggists or by mail. ELLY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Dr. J. H. McLean's

STRENGTHENING - GORDIAL AND BLOOD PURIFIER.

A certain cure for weakness, nervous prostration and sick stomach.

PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS.

Examination and Advice for the purpose of securing Patents, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, etc., in all countries. Send for Circular. Address: J. H. McLean, 100 Broadway, New York.

WINDING-UP

FOR DURABLE ECONOMY AND FOR GUARANTEEING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000,000. WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE

STANDARD STONE PUMPS

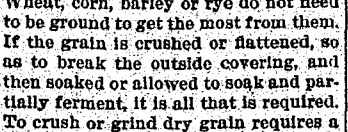
FOR AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKE NO MISTAKE IN BUYING THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE. MORSE BROS. FRANKLIN, MASS.

HOME AND THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

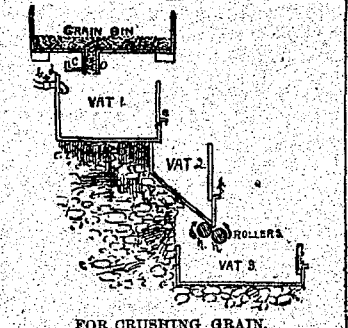
An Arrangement for Soaking and Crushing Grain for Feed—Old-Fashioned Flowers the Best—Black Minorca Fowls—Serviceable Trough.

Soaking and Crushing Grain. I have had a great many years' experience in fattening hogs, having fed as high as 300 or 400 at a time, writes C. P. Shedd, in the American Agriculturist. I have used dry grain of all kinds, soaked grain unground, soaked ground feed, and cooked ground feed. Wheat, corn, barley or rye do not need to be ground to get the most from them. If the grain is crushed or flattened, so as to break the outside covering, and then soaked or allowed to soak and partially ferment, it is all that is required. To crush or grind dry grain requires a mill and heavy power to run it. With my plan, every farmer can be his own miller, using either horse or hand power. In the illustration, the apparatus is supposed to be in the basement of a barn, though it can be set up in an out-building, or even out of doors near the hog lots and water tank, except in cold weather. Vat 1 is placed at a suitable elevation, directly under the grain bin, with spouts for conveying the grain from the bin to the vat. The water pipe conveys water from the tank or mill to vat 1. The flow of grain is regulated by the cut-off c, and water by the valve d. The grain is soaked in vat 1 until it is soft, when a portion is drawn or shoveled into vat 2. It is desirable to retain the water in vat 1, a perforated scoop is used. The soaked grain is now ready to pass through the rollers h. Being so soft that it can be mashed between the thumb and fingers, it requires comparatively little power to run the rollers. This may be done by horse or hand power. After passing through the rollers, the mass drops into vat 3, and can be fed at once or allowed to stand from one feed to another. The latter method I prefer, as partial fermentation will add to the fattening qualities of the food, and assist digestion. I prefer rolled or crushed grain to ground. I can buy 40-cent wheat and make it net me 80 cents per bushel anywhere west of the Missouri River, at the present price of pork.



FOR CRUSHING GRAIN.

Black Minorca Fowls. The island of Minorca, the easternmost of the Balearic Isles, lying off the southeastern coast of Spain, has given the name to a breed of fowls which is attracting much attention in this country. The Minorcas have points of resemblance to the Spanish and Leghorn fowls, but are larger than either. It is the opinion of many skillful breeders that the black Spanish and black Minorcas were originally identical, but the former has been bred for the white face and the other fancy points, while the latter retains the original red face, larger size and greater hardness of the original. The combs are larger than those of the Leghorns. There are both black and white Minorcas, but the former are principally bred in this country. They are fine stately fowls, with large single combs and long wattles.



TYPICAL BLACK MINORCA FOWLS.

Serviceable Trough. Bands being shrunk tight, as are wagon tires. The trough should be raised from the ground, and a pigot in the bottom will allow the running off of water.

Diversified Crops.

The past season has no doubt taught an excellent lesson to those who have depended mostly on special crops. It is not safe to rely on one crop for a profit, for should excessive rains or drought injure such a crop the farmer will lose the whole year. A diversity of soils should be made to produce general crops, which, with judicious rotation, gives the farmer an opportunity to realize on some of the crops, though he may lose on others.

Large Crop of Potatoes.

Prof. Maynard, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, had twelve acres and a quarter in potatoes, which last year produced 3,500 bushels, which yielded, at 50 cents a bushel, \$1,750, the cost of producing same being \$774; interest on the value of the land is not counted.

Farm Notes.

A bee man, who has experimented to determine whether bees injure fruit, says that although many bees were seen banqueting on grapes, not one was doing any mischief to the sound fruit.

Experiments favor the continuance of sods in orchards during the winter. While full plowing is an advantage in many cases, the sod of the orchard should not be turned until spring.

A rich banker once said to a farmer friend: "If all country homes looked as pleasant as yours every farm in the land would be purchased at any price by business men who are weary of the confinement of city life."

While it is best to provide a good warm shelter for the hogs during the winter, in nearly all cases it will be best to arrange so that they can run out every day during the winter. Close confinement is not conducive to good health, even with hogs.

Italian bees are now conceded to be the best bees in this country. New varieties come up every season, are given a short-lived boom, and drop below the horizon to again appear briefly in a few years. The Italian has been tried and has not been found wanting.

To see a lot of plum trees being slowly destroyed by black knot is not a cheerful sight, nor is it calculated to raise the spectator's opinion of the thrift of the owner of the trees. If every one would carefully cut off and burn every affected limb we should make almost an end of the pest and save the trees.

A knapsack spray pump should be owned by every poultry keeper. There is nothing equal to it for spraying the poultry house with dilute carbolic acid as a disinfectant and deodorizer, or with kerosene emulsion for lice. By using an automatic nozzle and making a thin whitewash with lime and straining it carefully the labor of whitewashing is greatly lessened.

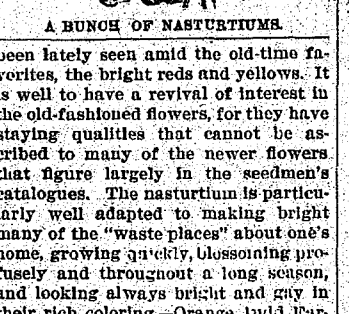
DEBS GOES TO JAIL.

RAILWAY UNION OFFICERS ARE GUILTY OF CONTEMPT.

Leader Sentenced to Six and His Associates to Three Months—Judge Woods Says the Defendants Violated the Injunction Issued Last Summer.

May Take an Appeal. Judge Woods in the Circuit Court of the United States, at Chicago, found all the respondents in the contempt proceedings instituted by the Federal Government and the receivers of the Santa Fe Railroad Company against leading officers of the American Railway Union guilty as charged and entered the following sentences:

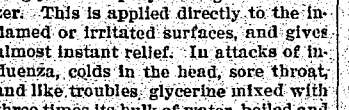
Eugene V. Debs, president, six months in the county jail.
George W. Howard, vice president, three months in the county jail.
Sylvester Kelher, secretary, three months in the county jail.



EUGENE V. DEBS.

A foreign medical journal is authority for the statement that a tablespoonful of glycerine in hot milk or cream will at once relieve the most violent attack of coughing. This is a simple, easily obtained and harmless remedy, and, if it keeps good its promise, will prove to be of great value. Equally simple and quite as effective is the use of glycerine spray through an atomizer. This is applied directly to the inflamed or irritated surfaces, and gives almost instant relief. In attacks of influenza, colds in the head, sore throat, and like troubles, glycerine mixed with three times its bulk of water, boiled and cooled, is an invaluable remedy. A little practice will enable the patient to fill the lungs with the spray, and the soothing and cooling effect is remarkable. Mixed with an equal bulk of sulphuric acid, glycerine is an almost unfailing remedy for throat troubles of all kinds, and, being harmless, can be used by all people. It must, however, be freshly made, as it keeps but a short time after mixing.—New York Ledger.

Watering Quarrelsome Stock. A watering trough, strong, firm and easily made, is shown below. Stockmen frequently find that, on turning cattle in the barnyard on bleak, wintry days, the stronger cattle hunch the weaker. The divisions in a trough of this kind partially prevent it. The end joints are held tightly in place by iron bolts.



A SERVICEABLE TROUGH.

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A knapsack spray pump should be owned by every poultry keeper. There is nothing equal to it for spraying the poultry house with dilute carbolic acid as a disinfectant and deodorizer, or with kerosene emulsion for lice. By using an automatic nozzle and making a thin whitewash with lime and straining it carefully the labor of whitewashing is greatly lessened.

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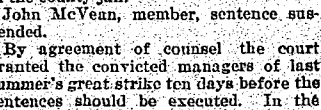
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Some Free Advertising.

A Physician in the Medical and Surgical Journal Tells a Story of Dr. Holmes.

It was when a son had been born to him, and while he was usually very prompt at the Harvard medical school, he was misled one morning. Finally he entered the room hurriedly, glanced around with a smile and said: "Gentlemen, I know I'm late, but there is a little stranger at my house." And then, with an expression such as only Holmes' face could assume, he continued: "Now, can any one tell me what well-known business firm in Boston he is like?" There was no answer. "He is Little & Brown," said the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye. That was a good advertisement for Little & Brown, but it is probable that that pioneer of American humorists, "John Phoenix," gave another Boston firm a better one. Entering a large store in that city one day he said to one of the proprietors, "I think I would like to tattle a little." "To tattle? What do you mean by that?" "I don't know," gravely replied the humorist, "but I read an invitation over the door, 'Call & Tattle,' and thought I would like to know how to do it."

Approved the Sample.

As Burton, the comedian, was traveling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travelers are usually put off with. Taking it upon his fork and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar, serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked: "Yes, that's it; bring me some."

A WOMAN'S HEART.

ONE DISEASE THAT Baffles THE PHYSICIAN.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Nine Years—How She Was Cured. (From the Newark, N. J., Evening News.)

Valvular disease of the heart has always been considered incurable. The following interview, therefore, will interest the medical profession, since it describes the successful use of a new treatment for this disease. The patient is Mrs. Geo. Archer, of Clifton, N. J., and this publication by the News is the first mention of the case made by any newspaper. All physicians consulted pronounced the patient suffering from valvular disease of the heart, and treated her without the slightest relief. Mrs. Archer said: "I could not walk across the door, neither could I go up stairs without stopping to let the pain in my chest and left arm cease. I felt an awful constriction about my arm and chest as if I were tied with ropes. Then there was a terrible noise at my right ear, like the labored breathing of some great animal. I have often timed expecting to see some creature at my side."

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me the Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought a box and began taking them, and I have been taking them ever since, except for a short interval. The first box did not seem to benefit me, but I persevered, encouraged by the requests of my relatives. After beginning on the second box, to my wonder, the noise at my right ear ceased entirely. I went right on and the third box made me feel in my chest and arm gradually disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, which were entirely devoid of color, and I feel well and strong again."

"My son, too, had been troubled with gastritis, and I induced him to try the Pink Pills with great benefit. I feel that everybody ought to know of my wonderful cure, and I bless God that I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of most every ill that flesh is heir to. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as nervousness, all forms of anemia, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of a man will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from overwork, overexertion, or excesses of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. They are never sold in bulk, or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Both Good Ideas.

A Nebraska man has made arrangements to start a farm near Raleigh to breed French coach horses. A Pennsylvania man has also started a farm near the same place for the purpose of raising peacocks, bantams, alberts, etc.

Hope Springs Eternal.

In the human breast, despite repeated disappointments, the divine spark radiates after each. Though there may not be a silver lining to every cloud, the vapors which obscure the sky oft wait aside and disclose the full splendor of the noontide sun. Thus is hope justified. Invaders who seek the least from Eastern's Bismuth Bitters in the hope of something better than a mere modification of the evils from which they suffer, will find that it justifies their expectation. Chills and fever, rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility are thoroughly, and, happily, remedied by the Bismuth Bitters of food, appetite, and sleep is characterized by this helpful tonic as by no other medicinal agent, and to the old, infirm, and convalescent it affords speedily appreciable benefit. A wine-glassful three times a day.

Swallowed the Arnie.

A Cincinnati man put his hand and his physician recommended arnie. The sufferer took the medicine internally, and now he is sore all over, his wounded hand causing him the least pain.

\$100 Reward.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one remedy known that has been able to cure in all the stages, and that is Catarrh. Dr. J. C. Carter's Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Half a century ago, Dr. Carter's Cure was taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the system and assisting nature in her efforts to cure. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for full particulars.

Address: J. C. CARTER & CO., Toledo, O. Send for full particulars.

In Russia Only.

Some of the Russian railroads have smoking cars for the use of ladies.

A HARD COUGH

distresses the patient and racks both Lungs and Throat. Dr. D. J. DeWitt's Expecto-rant is the remedy wanted to cure your Cough and relieve both the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

Anybody can go to heaven—on a tombstone.

IN all receipts for cooking

requiring a leavening agent

the ROYAL BAKING

POWDER, because it is an

absolutely pure cream of tartar

powder and of 33 per cent

greater leavening strength than

other powders, will give the

best results. It will make the

food lighter, sweeter, of finer

flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Simple Enough.

A man went into the laboratory of an analytical chemist one day, with a bottle containing an unwholesome looking mixture.

"I bought this of a traveling man," he said, "and I feel sure it isn't what it ought to be. I'd give five dollars to know what would make the water and oil in this preparation separate."

The chemist looked at it. "Very well," he said, "give me the five dollars, and I will tell you."

The visitor promptly handed him a five-dollar bill. The chemist took it gravely, and then, removing the cork from the bottle, quietly dropped into the liquid a pinch of common salt. Instantly the water and oil separated.

The man's face was a study. He had got what he wanted, and had paid his own price for it. The chemist evidently felt that he was well paid by his visitor's astonishment, however, and returned the five dollars with a laugh.

The Modern Mother.

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, than in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy, than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it, and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Pottery from Trees.

One of the curiosities of Brazil is a tree whose wood and bark contain so much silica that they are used by potters. Both wood and bark are burned in equal proportions with clay, producing a very superior ware. The tree grows to a height of 100 feet, but never exceeds a foot in diameter. The fresh bark cuts like sandstone, and when dried is brittle and hard.

Going to California.

The Burlington Route is the only railway running "personally conducted" Excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Modesto, Bakersfield and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without extra charge.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

MRS. RUBY, a sister of the famous

soldier and soldier, General Kit Carson, lives at Warrensburg, Mo. She is 81 years of age and was her brother's nurse by a year. Both were born near Richmond, Ky.

Send your full name and address to Dobbin & Co., 111 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, to return mail, and get free of all cost, a coupon worth several dollars. It is used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

The Average Man.

who suffers from headaches and biliousness and a sickly complexion, and who is never in good working order. For such people Ripans Tablets fill the bill. One tablet gives relief.

A PEARL-LIKE purity of color, closely resembling the enchantment of early twilight; thus was her complexion made radiant by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

I CAN recommend Pisco's Cure for

consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—B. J. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

DO YOU EXPECT

To Become a Mother?

If so, then permit us to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed, a true "Mother's Friend," for it makes Childbirth Easy.

By preparing the system for parturition, it relieves the pains of labor, and is robbed of its

THE DAY'S DOINGS.

SUMMARY OF LATE NEWS BY WIRE.

HANEY IS NOW ALONE

RECREANT PREACHER HIMSELF IS DESERTED.

Memphis' Sensational Trial at an End—Another Prize Fight with Serious Results—Government Convicts Van Leuven, the Pension Agent Shark.

Reverend Rascal Overhauled.

After having deserted his wife and children, his friends and his congregation to brave the scorn of the world with a woman in whose affections he could never hope to find a lawful place, Rev. Conrad Haney, of Chicago, has found himself deserted in turn. When Mr. Haney and Mrs. Brandt left Chicago their flight was announced to the woman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Huttig, at Muscatine, Iowa, the same day by telegraph by Mr. Brandt. Mr. Huttig, Jr., assumed the right of a brother to reclaim his sister, and started out in chase of the guilty pair, locating them at Cincinnati. There is no well-founded rumor that Mr. Haney flourished a big revolver in the runaway preacher's face and threatened to pull the trigger, while Mr. Haney calmly told him that he was perfectly indifferently to whether the gun was loaded or not. Mrs. Brandt, it is said, bore herself with the same composure. Mrs. Brandt returned to Chicago. The meeting between the mother and daughter and husband can best be imagined. Friday Mrs. Brandt left the city alone. She was accompanied to the train by Mr. Brandt, who purchased her a ticket to an eastern seaport, from whence she will take a steamer to Europe. Those who saw the parting say it was a tearless one.

POOLING BILL SURE TO PASS

Canvass of the Senate Shows a Majority in Favor of the Measure.

There is a well-defined impression in Washington that the Senate will agree to the railroad pooling bill practically as it passed the House. A careful canvass of that body has been made and the friends of the measure are sure of a majority. The complexion of the Interstate Commerce Committee, consisting of Senators Butler, Gorman, Brice, Camden, Lindsay, Smith, Cullum, Wilson, Chandler, Wolcott and Higgins, is indicative of speedy and favorable action. It is not regarded as at all likely that any serious attempt to widen the latitude of the measure will be made, owing to a fear that such action would imperil its chances not only in the Senate, but in the House when the amendment goes back to that body to be acted upon. Leading Republicans in the Senate, however, will be no partisan opposition to the bill.

VERDICT OF NOT GUILTY

Alleged Lynchers Acquitted by a Jury at Memphis.

The jury in the case of W. S. Richardson and Ed Smith, charged with being implicated in the lynching of six negro prisoners on the 31st of August last, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The Attorney General thereupon moved that the cases against the eleven men indicted for the same crime be nolle prossed, and this was done. The attorneys for the defense insisted upon a verdict of not guilty in all the cases, but to this Attorney General Patterson would not agree, though he intimated that he would consent to such entry in the record in the case of two of the eleven, after a consultation with the counsel for the defense.

NEW INTEREST IN CIVIL SERVICE

Internal Revenue Employees Particularly Awake—March Examinations.

The prospective inclusion of all the internal revenue gaugers and storekeepers in the classified civil-service list is exciting much interest in every collection district in the country. The commission has not yet named dates for the spring examinations for the departmental service and it is said that examinations for the new civil-service places created by the President's orders will not be held until about March. At that time it is proposed to hold the examination for the gaugers and internal revenue services in connection with the regular departmental examination.

Drug Clerk's Serious Mistake.

Dr. J. S. Mann, of Munich, Ind., administered what he thought was codina to Mrs. Frank Rabura. She was soon showing signs of poisoning. The doctor protested, and to show his confidence, swallowed it. In a half hour he fell unconscious, and it was a life and death struggle with him all day. Dr. Trent analyzed the drug and found that he had been given atropine, through a drug clerk's error.

Suffers the Death Penalty.

Daniel M. Robertson was hanged in the jail at New Bedford, Mass., and pronounced dead ten minutes later. On Sept. 9, 1893, having been released from the House of Correction earlier in the day, he went to his wife's house and threatened with a pocket-knife because she had refused to send him some money to pay his fine.

Historic Vessel Retired.

The Dale, one of the oldest and most historic vessels of the navy, has been ordered out of commission and will be turned over to the Maryland naval militia.

Peltozo Very Ill.

Ex-President Peltozo, of Brazil, has been taken down with a severe attack of locomotor ataxia, and has been forced to retire to his country residence.

Civil Service Rules Extended.

The President has issued an order extending the civil service law and rules to the internal revenue service.

Bowen May Die.

Andy Bowen may die as the result of a knock-out blow, delivered by "Kid" Lavigne in a contest for the light-weight pugilistic championship, before the Auditorium Club of New Orleans, Friday night. The entire Lavigne party is under arrest.

True Bills for Leading Men.

A dispatch from Atlanta says the United States Grand Jury has indicted thirty-six prominent men of Murray County, Georgia, for white-slapping.

Cooley Sentenced to Five Years.

James Cooley was sentenced to five years' imprisonment at Columbus, Ohio, for practicing a pension fraud. With one J. S. Winters he worked a scheme that enabled them to get about \$150,000 on back bounty out of the treasuries of Union and Delaware Counties.

Grant Heiress Weds.

The marriage of Miss Adolphus de Toet, brother of the Duke of York, to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke of Westminster, the richest peer in the United Kingdom, took place in the chapel at Eaton Hill, Chester, one of the seats of the Duke of Westminster.

CRASH IN A TUNNEL.

Two Killed and Many Mangled in a Chicago Street Railway Wreck.

Under the center of the Chicago River in the Washington street tunnel, a runaway car crashed into a Madison street train, the grip of the former and the Ogden avenue trailer of the latter telescoping each other. Result: Two men dead, a score or more passengers hurt, some seriously. According to the little information that could be obtained from the gripman of the runaway train, his grip broke just as he reached the arch of the tunnel. His heavily loaded train shot forward down the incline and before he could get the brakes it had acquired such headway that the brakes were practically useless. The rails were wet and slippery, and the train slid onward with ever-increasing momentum toward the cars in front of it, notwithstanding the gripman bore down on the brake lever with all his weight and strength, and poured sand on the rails. He yelled at the top of his voice and rang his gong, hoping the gripman ahead would understand and let go the cable, but he did not. The runaway train was thrown into a panic and some tried to get out, but the cars were so crowded that they simply wedged each other in tighter. The crash came just in the middle of the tunnel under the river. There was a bump, a ripping of timbers, a grinding, rushing sound, and the two trains came to a standstill, wrenched and broken at the bottom of the grade. Then were heard other sounds. There were shrieks of fear and groans of pain. Fire started in several places. Smoke followed the wreck, but fortunately the flames were extinguished before additional injury and suffering were inflicted. The work of rescue and clearing away the wreck was conducted by the firemen, and occupied two hours.

BUSINESS AT A STAND.

Prospects for Better Trade After January Are Bright.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Review says: It is difficult to detect any change in current business. Prospects for business after Jan. 1 are quite generally considered more hopeful; in some branches there are larger orders and the west-bound shipments of merchandise are a little larger, but the working force naturally diminishes near the end of the year. The holiday trade brings just now a temporary activity which is not of much general significance. The meeting of Congress and the announcement of the new currency plan and of various bills proposed have not affected the situation perceptibly. The whole agricultural products are scarcely stronger and wages of labor do not advance, but there is reason to expect the employment of a somewhat larger working force after the holidays. The expected government report on foodstuffs and the new combination that has been formed in the wheat and cotton, which are not regarded seriously.

BULGARIA WAS WORSE.

Armenians Outrages Are Said to Be Not as Black as Painted.

The London Daily News publishes a three-column letter from Constantinople giving a history of the Armenian outrages. The writer admits from the outset, though he says that the details are as foolish and conflicting as those that followed the Bulgarian atrocities, that from all the evidence he has been able to gather, in point of the numbers killed and villages burned, the Armenians have suffered more than the Bulgarians. Still, it is a bad business, the extent of which will not be known until the consular reports are published. A curious feature has been the partial success, which has attended the efforts of the consuls to avert the outrages. This is due to the fact that all the postoffices are in Turkish hands and no scruple is made of opening letters. This is so well known that nobody dares to describe the affair except in general terms, and the newspapers in Constantinople are forbidden to use the word Armenia.

TO MARCH ON PEKIN.

Japanese Contracting for 8,000 Coolies for the Army.

The victories won by the Japanese were celebrated with great enthusiasm in Tokio. One hundred and fifty-one Japanese who were wounded in the battle at Port Arthur have arrived at Hiroshima. It is expected that an attack will be made on Foo Chow shortly. The second army will make an early advance toward Pekin. The Government is contracting for a force of 8,000 coolies to accompany the troops on the march to Pekin.

Humanity Conduct Urged.

Before considering the peace proposals from China, Japan insists upon the surrender for execution of all the Chinese officials who were responsible for the outrages. The London Globe is a letter from a British resident in China who occupies an important position which brings him in touch with the mandarins and the masses. The writer says: "A tragedy may occur any day, when the Chinese come within sight of the capital I feel certain that every foreigner will be massacred. The foreign Ministers will incur a perfectly insane risk if they remain there after the ice has closed the port of Tien Tsin. The great danger is that the Chinese will see that the soldiers are members of secret societies which are ready to break out at the first chance." The instructions given by Lieutenant General Sakuma to the second Japanese army, governing the treatment of the enemy in the pending campaign, are in line with the views of the Yokohama Mail. General Sakuma said that Japan, being the "first country of the East which had adopted civilization as her path, held the responsible position to lead other hitherto uncivilized nations into the way of civilization. No matter what the enemy may do, Japan must tread the way of justice, and while carrying reform into a barbarous country, the dignity of Japan must be upheld."

Uncle Sam Will Act.

President Cleveland has sent a cable message to Constantinople saying he has reconsidered his decision not to send an American delegate with the Turkish commission appointed to inquire into the Armenian outrages. The President adds that he will allow the American legation there to nominate a delegate to accompany the Porte's Armenian commission.

Crash in Newfoundland.

The Commercial Bank of Newfoundland, having its headquarters in St. John's, suspended payment, owing to the failure of several of the largest exporting houses to respond to their liabilities to the bank. This has involved other banks and has crippled some of the largest concerns. Four of them have closed their premises and others will close.

Will Handle Exhibit Free of Charge.

The Southern Railway and Steamship Association has announced that the railroads of the South will handle the freight connected with the exhibits of the woman's department of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta free of charge.

Newfoundland Ministry Resigned.

Two large English firms who hold mining rights in Newfoundland, and who were expected to fall on Monday are still holding out. Their survival so far greatly

adds to the hope that the Union Bank of St. John's will be able to continue business. The Government decided that its position was untenable and sent a letter to the leaders of the Liberal party offering to resign or to retain office if supported on the financial question. Mr. Green, leader of the opposition, has been called upon by the Governor to form a Cabinet. His task is an almost impossible one. The Government statements show that the interest on the public loans, \$250,000, will be required to be furnished in London that the Government can now obtain and therefore the colony must default in the payment unless some arrangement is speedily made. The People's Bank, of Halifax, will establish a branch at St. John's. Canadian banks will do business, thus giving an opportunity to the colony to realize the value of their stocks of fish. The demands for the prosecution of the directors of the Commercial Bank of Newfoundland are becoming more general. Quantities of specie for the Government and private concerns are on the way from England and Canada.

CATTLE MEN AROUSED.

Their Business Demands Free Trade in Sugar with Germany.

Washington dispatch: Word reaches here that the vast cattle interests of the West, representing an invested capital of not less than \$500,000, are about to grapple in a deathlike struggle with the sugar trust, and that the direction of the fighting is to be lodged with P. D. Armour, Nelson Morris, and Swift, the Chicago kings of the meat trade. The United States is to be the battle-ground. The tendency to realize the free exportation of meat products to the great consuming markets of Europe. The imposition of a duty on sugar was promptly met by the raising of an embargo against American beef by Germany and Denmark. Germany has indicated a ready willingness to concede the free exportation of meat products to the German empire is removed. The American meat trade with foreign countries approximates \$100,000,000 a year, and anything that threatens this trade is a matter of vital or important way instantly touches the pockets of one of the most powerful and fighting combinations in existence. In this fight the meat men feel that they can count on the aggressive support of the Senate from every Western State. The Senate and the meat men feel that they can count on the aggressive support of the Senate from every Western State. The Senate and the meat men feel that they can count on the aggressive support of the Senate from every Western State.

KILLED BY A BURGLAR.

Well-Known Citizen of Cleveland Murdered in His Own Room.

William H. Price, the well-known member of the firm of printing press manufacturers, Chandler & Price, was almost instantly killed at his home in Cleveland at 2200 Chestnut street, Monday night, by a burglar. Just what occurred between the burglar and Price will probably never be known. Shots were heard and a minute later Price was found by his son lying with his face downward on the floor and rapidly expiring. Price awakened and seeing two men in the room, started for his bed, and as he did so one of the burglars shot at him three times, all of the bullets taking effect. Price fell, and as he did so the two burglars ran out of the room. From a pocketbook on the dining-room table \$50 was taken by the burglars. No other property is missing from the Price residence.

John Worthy Is Dead.

At 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, John Worthy, of Chicago, died. Mr. Worthy, who was President of the Commercial Loan and Trust Company, and of the Metropolitan Elevated Road, of Chicago, had been suffering for several days with a carbuncle between his shoulders, and his death was due to blood poisoning following an operation.

Figures of November Exports.

American exports for November were as follows: Mineral oils, \$3,690,381; cotton, \$2,808,549; breadstuffs, \$7,875,112; wheat, \$2,245,638; wheat and flour, \$1,078,307; wheat flour, \$12,050,669; which includes \$2,103,407 for cattle, \$1,393,767 for sheep, \$2,430,993 for hogs, \$332,256 for hams and \$2,856,568 for lard.

Black Gets the Plum.

Representative John C. Black, of Illinois, formerly Commissioner of Penitents, has been appointed to be United States District Attorney at Chicago, vice Sherwood Dixon, recently deceased.

Cost Mine on Fire.

Near Newcastle, Colo., fire has broken out in the Vulcan cost mine in the new slope, in which fifty-five men were employed. It is supposed that the fire was caused by an accumulation of gas.

Dead of a Madman.

David Spragg killed his three children, his wife, and himself on his farm near Ridgeway, Hamilton County, Mo., Tuesday, in a fit of insanity. He was tried to kill two others, but they escaped.

Pineville, Ky., Has Two Mayors.

Isaac Hoskins and Calvin Hyatt have both claimed to have been legally elected Mayor of Pineville, Ky., last week. Each has organized his government complete.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75@4.50; hogs, shipping grade, \$3.50@4.75; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.75@3.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 55¢@56¢; corn, No. 2, 47¢@48¢; oats, No. 2, 29¢@30¢; rye, No. 2, 50¢@51¢; butter, choice creamery, 23¢@24¢; eggs, fresh, 22¢@23¢; potatoes, car lot, per bushel, 50¢@55¢. Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.50@5.75; hogs, choice light, \$3.47@3.75; sheep, common to prime, \$2.80@3.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 52¢@53¢; corn, No. 1 white, 42¢@43¢; oats, No. 2 white, 33¢@34¢. St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.60@4.75; hogs, \$3.40@4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 53¢@54¢; corn, No. 2, 46¢@47¢; oats, No. 2, 30¢@31¢; rye, No. 2, 54¢@55¢. Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50@5.50; hogs, \$4.00@5.75; sheep, 1 1/2@3; wheat, No. 2 red, 54¢@55¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 44¢@45¢; oats, No. 2 mixed, 32¢@33¢; rye, No. 2, 53¢@54¢. Duluth—Wheat, \$2.25@2.75; hogs, \$4.75@5.75; sheep, \$2.25@2.75; wheat, No. 2, 55¢@56¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 46¢@47¢; oats, No. 2 white, 34¢@35¢; rye, No. 2, 50¢@51¢. Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 55¢@56¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 44¢@45¢; oats, No. 2 white, 33¢@34¢; rye, No. 2, 53¢@54¢. Buffalo—Cattle, \$3.50@5.50; hogs, \$4.00@5.75; sheep, 1 1/2@3; wheat, No. 2 red, 55¢@56¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 46¢@47¢; oats, No. 2 white, 34¢@35¢; rye, No. 2, 50¢@51¢. Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 58¢@59¢; corn, No. 2, 44¢@45¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢@33¢; barley, No. 2, 51¢@52¢; rye, No. 1, 49¢@51¢; port, mess, \$1.75@1.25. New York—Cattle, \$3.00@5.00; hogs, \$3.50@5.00; sheep, \$2.75@3.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 52¢@53¢; corn, No. 2, 47¢@48¢; oats, white, Western, 30¢@31¢; butter, creamery, 23¢@24¢; eggs, Western, 22¢@23¢.

THE ROSE SHE GAVE.

This—the rose she gave to me,
With its crimson tips;
Red—as any rose should be,
Having touched her lips.
And with something of her grace,
And the beauty of her face.

This—the rose she gave to me,
Bloomed where south winds stir.
Hid its honey from the bee
For the lips of her!

Through long days disquieted
For those lips to kiss it red!

This—the rose she gave to me;
Never rose so sweet!
Here the heart of springtime see—
Lean, and hear it beat!
Life, and all its melody
In the rose she gave to me!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE CAUSE.

It was Fair Day in Anthean, in County Cork, and the town, for the nonce, was given over to pigs, geese and poultry. The market square was a medley of grunting, noisy animals and rickety carts with nondescript horses, their owners the while quietly smoking their pipes, or gathered in loud argument outside the little taverns. Women with bare feet and heads covered with shawls, together with dirty little blue-eyed urchins, completed a picture which is about as quaint and old-world as any that the British Isles can show. Andy O'Shea was there in the thick of the crowd, towering above his shorter countrymen by a head and shoulders, with the dark hair and blue eyes that proclaimed him a true Irishman. "King of Anthean," they called him, and in truth that was much about the position he occupied; for his personality swayed public opinion to a great extent, while his shrewdness and superior education caused him to be resorted to for advice by all the country side. Although a farmer in a large way, he was well connected, and claimed to be descended from one of the oldest Irish families.

In the midst of the clamor and bustle, a rattle of wheels is heard, and the peasants crane their necks to have a look at their new landlord. The gentleman in question drove up in a smart cart, with a grand little Irish mare in the shafts, and as he jumped out a slight murmur ran through the ranks, which, however, was stifled at once.

Val Hastings had come into the property unexpectedly a few months ago by the death of an uncle, and, being energetic by nature, and having heard that the sport on the estate was good, he came over to relieve his agent and take up the reins of government himself.

So far he had not been unsuccessful, for he had obtained the good will of Andy O'Shea, and the result was that his "rind" was paid far more regularly than that of his brother landlords.

There were not people wanting to say this came from of Hastings' friendship for Andy's sister, Winifred, than of Andy himself, but this was only a surmise.

Val Hastings was rather an uncommon type of a man; independent and with no profession, he amused himself with travel and sport, and wherever he went acquired a reputation as a dead shot and a brave though reckless man, which he undoubtedly was. He had been left an orphan early, and his training had been one of the best; the result was that his watchword was "Pour sa muser," and he carried out this maxim to the letter. His face was clean shaven, dark and resolute, with that indescribable look on it of a man who has looked death in the face and braved him. He might have been 30, but the absence of hair on his face and his little build made him look younger, while his well-made figure was set off to his best advantage by the trim tweed riding suit he wore.

Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and looking round, he saw that those of Andy O'Shea, with a look in them he had never seen before.

"Mr. Hastings, a word with you," he said, with hardly a trace of the Irish accent.

"At your disposal. What can I do for you? Anything in the farm line?"

"I am not going to speak about farms or cattle to-day, Mr. Hastings," he replied; "but about something I love better—my sister Winifred."

"Go on; I am listening," said Val, with a curious tightening of his mouth.

"I don't know whether you are aware that my sister and yourself are the common talk of Anthean, and as her only relative, in her interest, I demand to know what your intentions are toward her. When a man in your state of life takes notice of a girl in his sister's position I have a right to ask."

Something in Andy's tone jarred on Hastings, for he turned a trifle paler, and answered sternly:

"Whatever there is between Miss O'Shea and myself is between us two, not between you and me."

"Answer me," replied Andy, livid with passion, in a low voice; "answer me or I'll thrash you here—here before every man, you creeping Saxon—who you have sneaked into my house and—"

Here his outburst was cut short, for Val's cool descended on his face, and O'Shea reeled on the ground.

For a moment dead silence reigned supreme in the market place, and all gazed in astonishment on Hastings standing with uplifted whip above the writhing O'Shea. Then the spell was broken, and with shrill cries of "Down with the landlord! Down with the Saxon!" a score of men rushed at Val, and the fight began. Val stood with his back to a wall, and resolutely defended himself, but strong as he was, they beat him down to one knee. Just as he was giving up hope there was a shout of "Police!" a wild rush, and Val found himself, without knowing how, in the center of a compact knot of about ten constabulary, slowly moving to-

ward one end of the square, where the rest of the force had placed two carts across one of the only two entrances into it, and were keeping the mob at bay. The fight now became general; shillelahs waved wildly everywhere, while amid the hubbub rose the squeals of the pigs, which, getting loose, rushed in all directions, and rendered the confusion too hideous to be described. Amid the thick cloud of dust Val could see the mass that intervened between them and the barrier, and wondered, in his half-stunned condition, if they would reach it. All they are moving; slowly at first, then faster, as their splendid discipline tells, and the mob surge aside before them. One last struggle, and he is lifted over the barrier, and a long howl of rage goes up from the crowd barked of their prey.

"For God's sake, get out of this, shouted the subaltern in command, as he helped him on to the cart."

"Drive your hardest," said Val, and the low stone walls began to slip past the car rapidly. Then, the cool air at the same time revived the half-stunned man. But when he came to himself the roar of the mob had died down in the distance, and they held their way unchecked to Anthean Hall.

THE EFFECT.

The moon was rising slowly, throwing a long, rippling shadow on the black river, which eddied along under a bank where a clump of dwarf oaks and willows formed a sort of bower. Further down, a few lights flickering from a long, low building marked the position of O'Shea's farm. From out of the gloom a figure wrapped in a long cloak glided down to the edge of the river, and stood shivering from time to time at the cries of the night fowl and the chill damp of the stream. Suddenly, amid the sounds of the woods, her listening ear caught the faintest splash of oars, and the hood slipped from her head as she came down to the brink of the river and peeped intently into its dancing shadows.

It is a sweet face which the moon shines upon; large, gray eyes fringed with long, black eyelashes, small, shapely nose, little mouth, and red lips quivering with expectation; the pale face ringed with an aureole of golden-brown hair, which nestles over the high, white forehead in a hundred little ringlets. Such is Winifred O'Shea, as she stands there waiting by the lonely river. And as she paused a long black streak glided round the point, and with a few strokes of the paddle a Canadian canoe came under the shadow of the bank. A moment more and another dark figure stood beside her, and she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him again and again.

"I am so glad you have come, dearest," she said, at last; "I have been so alarmed for you."

"Why have you troubled your dear little heart about me, child, am I not able to take care of myself?"

"Yes; I know you are strong and brave, but that is no good when you are taken unawares, when a bullet sings from behind a stone wall—"

"Ah! what are you saying—a bullet, a stone wall? Have you heard any threats against me? You must have seen me, you would not speak so. Who is it? Your brother?"

There was no answer, but the proud head sank on his shoulder, and he could feel the form in his arms quivering with ill-suppressed sobs. He stooped and kissed her.

"Promise you will not betray him," she answered at last, "for he is very dear to me, my brother, but you are dearer still. That is why I am here now to warn you. On that dreadful night he came home with his head bandaged, and, eyeing me grimly, he pointed to his wound and said, 'This is your lover's handiwork. Will you take him in your arms after this?' Then Mike Dennis and John O'Hara stepped forward and said, 'The Saxon blackguard will never do it again to you; he is marked.' Oh, love of mine, take care—if you were to die and leave me my heart would break!"

"These men are weak chattering, brave in words alone. Why have they not tried to do their worst before? This morning I was riding alone, this afternoon I was driving."

"Hush, Val! don't speak so loud! time is precious. Let me tell you all I know. The Garrison ball, to-morrow night, you will be returning late on foot—"

"How in the name of God do you know that?" burst out Val.

"Never mind, they know it, and will ambush themselves in Perrin Woods. There can be no mistake—your felt hat and ulster are well known, and besides, no one else will come back that way. There will be no one to help you, and you will fall in the middle of the white road. Oh, Val! my Val! promise me you will not go, or you will come home some other way—that you will avoid this in some manner! Think of my broken heart, think of the disgrace, the shame!"

But Val had put her firmly from him, and stood there with eyes that gleamed strangely, for a picture had risen before his mind. He is in Sicily, and from behind a rock four brigands rise up, and with threats, demand money. He refuses; they attack. He has wrangled the knife out of the hand of the foremost, and places him and two others beyond the reach of fighting. Then the fourth clutches him, and they wrestle, near the edge of a yawning precipice, with the gulls screaming below, nearer, nearer, till with one outburst of strength he throws him over the edge, and, as he slips unconscious, hears the sickening crunch on the rocks four hundred feet below, and with the remembrance of past days the old Norman blood surged into his brain, hiding as in a mist the pleading, tear-stained face upturned to him, and he answered:

"Do you think that I shall give up my plans because a cur who dare not face me hides and tries to kill me? I tell you I will walk back through Perrin Woods to-morrow night, and if he or anyone else molests me I shall shoot them as they would shoot me if they will stand up and face me. To think that a Hastings should be defied by a coward—"

"Val, he is my brother!"

"Yes, and a coward, and you would have me be a coward too. I

love you, Winifred; but I love my honor better, and I will show your brother or anyone else who molests me to-morrow night how I can vindicate it."

Winifred withdrew herself from his arms, and the tears died on her face, which had grown set and white as she listened. At last, with a sob, she answered:

"There is something inconsistent in what you say, Mr. Hastings; in one breath you vow you love me, and in the next you refuse to save our family from disgrace and me from despair and wretchedness. Don't you think I am worthy of a little love, a little consideration?"

"I fancy, Miss O'Shea, our conversation had better cease for tonight. I will find means of letting your brother know that I shall not avoid him, and I shall see you to-morrow on an Irish lover's nod, Miss O'Shea; a Saxon one has too much self-respect to please you. Good night."

"Val, my love, for God's sake come back!"

But his canoe glided on the pebbles and he is gone. If he had turned back, if he had seen those outstretched hands and heard that piteous "Come back!" all might have been well.

THE RESOLVE.

The next day hung slowly on Val Hastings' hands. He wandered about the grounds of Anthean Hall in an aimless way, meditating on the situation, and his blood flamed whenever he thought of O'Shea and the coming struggle. Hastings was no braggart or Don Quixote, but his honor was very sensitive, and never a doubt crossed his mind as to the course he should take that night. He would be armed, too, and meet this man, this coward, and dare him to fight him to his face, and then—if he were killed—life was not worth much, and if he conquered—anyway, Winifred O'Shea was lost to him, and he would try to be a man, and live his life without her. He once thought of sending a challenge to O'Shea, but, remembering that he had informed the head groom, a shifty-faced, suspicious-looking man, of his plans for that night, he went to him and carelessly reiterated them, feeling certain that O'Shea would get the latest intelligence through this man. And in this he was right; the man was in O'Shea's pay to spy on his master.

Dinner was an entire failure, and, pushing the untasted food from him, he went out into the dim hall, and took a green leather case from a chest of old oak. Then he drew out two revolvers, and, after loading them and examining them carefully, put them into the case, and the case into his long fawn coat. He returned into the dining room, and, throwing himself into a lounge chair, tried to divert his thoughts with a cigarette. But, do what he would, Winifred would rise before his eyes—Winifred as she was when he saw her for the first time. He had gone down to O'Shea's farm to look at a shed that wanted repair, and on his way back he had suddenly come upon her round a shrubbery corner, and oh, how sweet she had looked in her blue blouse and a sort of sunbonnet, against which her bright hair had gleamed under the sun! What a pretty expression, half fright, half amusement, she wore, and how queenly she seemed as she faced him! Could not things be altered? Was there not time?

"The dog cart is at the door, sir," said a trim manservant.

He rose and went out.

That morning, too, found Winifred O'Shea in a mental state which might be described as a fog. Thoughts, plans, doubts, hopes, fears—all chased each other through her head like swallows at play.

She knew her brother well—his vindictive nature, which would brood and brood until it would drive him to desperation, and that he would kill her as well if she attempted to interfere.

She knew her lover's hasty soul, his absolute contempt for danger, and his determination—and a shudder passed over her; but that quickly died away as she remembered how they had parted. If he loved her, things would have been different; he would have saved her from this pain, this shame. But he loved her no longer—that was evident.

Suddenly a picture rose before her eyes; she saw the Perrin Woods, and the moon falling in strange white patches on the long road; she saw Val walking unconcernedly along with his winging step; then a flash, a report, and he throws up his arms with a moan, and rolls over and over in the dust, and with an agonizing cry she buried her face in her hands. No, her Val should not die like this; she would save him.

She would slip into the cloak-room and take his hat and coat, put them on, and, trusting to her height and lithe step, would walk down the road. She shivered; she was very young to die. But what had she left to live for?

The twilight deepened in the old oak-paneled room at O'Shea's farmstead, but still she sat there motionless, with her head on her hand, gazing with strained set eyes into eternity.

THE SPECTACLE.